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Photo. JOHN WICKENS

MISS SACKVILLE WEST.

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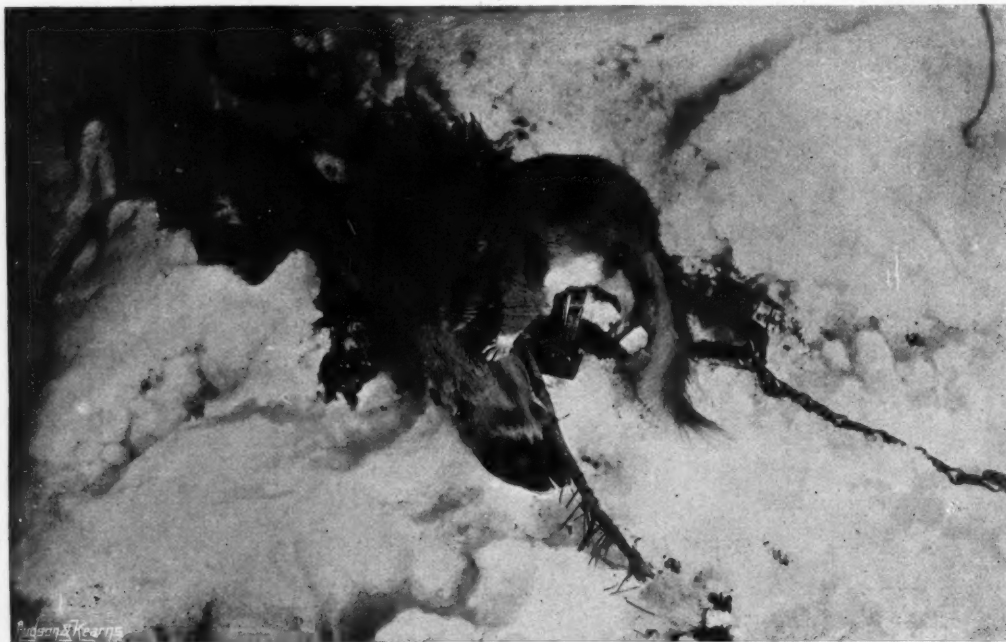
THE fine climate of autumn in eastern Canada does not extend to the western mountains. A correspondent writes to draw attention to this fact, and suggests that our previous recommendations of Canada and other parts of British North America as a hunting-ground should be qualified by some remarks on the wet weather and consequent discomfort often experienced on the Pacific slopes and mountain ranges. By the end of September the various deer are in perfection, and a wet month or six weeks goes far to spoil sport which would otherwise be enjoyable. Mr. Turner-Turner suggests that for general shooting in North British Columbia no better plan could be adopted than for two or three guns to take a waggon and go some hundred miles on the road to Quesnell, shooting by the way. Deer were plentiful along the trail at the time of his visit, both woodland cariboo and black-tailed deer. The country also abounds in lakes, and towards the end of the summer excellent fishing and wildfowl shooting may be had on these pieces of water. Geese, swans, and duck of various sorts are plentiful, and not difficult to kill. A correspondent writes that the Canada geese and duck alone make such a shooting excursion worth a trial. "Two lakes connected by a slow stream full of reeds and sedge gave us excellent sport twice a day," he writes. "These pieces of water were about three-quarters of a mile apart, the upper one surrounded by high timber on three sides, while the lower lake was shallow, with a deep fringe of reeds round it. These reeds were as tall as a man's head, sometimes higher than that, and the water about 2ft. deep. The duck mainly lay among these reeds, while the geese, of which there were two kinds—the big black Canada geese, and a smaller variety—mainly kept in the open water and on the upper lake.

"One could always kill seven or eight couple of duck by walking into the reeds. The objection to this form of sport was that very many birds were lost, as it was difficult to mark them, and we had no dog. We soon found that when disturbed on this lake they usually flew to the other piece of water, following the course of the connecting stream. By waiting under cover on this line, and sending one gun to disturb the lower lake, we had not only abundant shooting, but very high and pretty shots. Most of those shot were bagged, and we



STALKING CARIBOO.

fared sumptuously on goose, trout, canned apricots, and hot 'frying-pan bread' every evening. Those who preferred not to camp out could usually obtain a night's lodging in farmhouses on this trail. But the rush to the north has this year brought many strange characters into British Columbia, and residents may have become more chary in their hospitality. We killed a certain number of wild swans on these lakes, but as their flesh was very inferior to that of the geese and duck and we did not want the swan's-down, we left them in peace." For equipment a good double paradox gun is perhaps the most useful weapon. Long shots are not common in the woodlands, and to have a weapon which is both a rifle and a shot-gun is invaluable. A small-bore rifle is useful sometimes, but revolvers may be left behind. Mr. Turner-Turner states that among the most useful articles of his equipment was a large carriage umbrella. It was seen in use during nearly every halt. Sometimes it sheltered one of the party whose rain-soaked clothes were drying at the camp fire. On wet nights it



A WOOD-MOUSE TRAPPED.

was good to "keep off the drip" where the tent leaked; and when it rained and dinner was being cooked or bread baked, it sheltered the frying-pan.

Mr. Turner-Turner's two winters spent in this region are perhaps the best record of the ups and downs of sport in North British Columbia. In previous numbers of COUNTRY LIFE he described his trapping experiences from October until April, through the whole northern winter. We now give some further examples of his photographs of sport and trapping during this prolonged sojourn in the north. The story of his earlier adventures, related in "Three Years' Hunting and Trapping" (MacLure and Co., London), discloses more hardships and less sport than his articles describing his later experiences; but the earlier days of travel in a new and almost uninhabited region are usually full of misadventure. Mr. Turner-Turner relates his story without glossing over the hardships; and even so, it is both interesting and attractive, full of incident and observation. On the way north he was attacked by an eagle. It had the impudence to fly straight at his head, which he only guarded by raising his rifle. The bird then turned, and came at him again, when he fired and scared it off. The log hut was not a success at first. The rain poured in, and so soaked the roof that after it left off raining outside it continued to do so for two days more inside. Their stores did not arrive as had been arranged. Instead of bacon, someone else's plates, mostly broken, were delivered—a cruel piece of irony. Before winter came game was plentiful. Bear when fat was found to be excellent, as good as the best butcher's meat. So was beaver, but as winter went on they were often very short of food. Meat often failed them altogether, though this, we think, was partly due to their inexperience.

STALKING CARIBOO in the snow, was uncertain work, and as they were anxious not to disturb the game they hoped to trap, the animals were often let off when they might have been killed. Early in the season grouse were fairly plentiful. These were killed with the catapult and the saloon pistol, to avoid the noise caused by firing a gun. These devices savour of schoolboy sport; but Mr. J. G. Millais found them equally useful when killing game for the pot on the Rocky Mountains, and has contributed an interesting article on catapult shooting to the "Encyclopædia of Sport."

Later, when the deep snow came, it was expected that the larger animals would be driven from the mountains. In this the party were disappointed in their first season. Very few wolves or deer appeared, and all the smaller fur-



A MARTEN TRAPPED IN THE SNOW.

bearing animals, mink, marten, and the like, went under the snow among the fallen pine trees. There they found plenty of mice to eat, and did not care to come up and visit the traps. It would be interesting to know what the mice find to eat. Apparently they are very hungry, for our second illustration shows A WOOD-MOUSE TRAPPED in the effort to eat a deer's foot. In the month of November 100 traps were set and 71 head of fur of all sorts were taken. This was far the best month of the whole season. The catch included 29 marten, or Canadian sables, 21 ermines, 7 mink, 2 wolverines, 1 fisher, 6 beavers, 3 musk rats, and 2 bears.

Martens were easily trapped. If there were any in the neighbourhood they were almost certain to come to the bait. The illustration of A MARTEN TRAPPED IN THE SNOW shows the state of the country during winter in the northern forest. The marten lives below the snow, in the interstices made by fallen branches and tree stems. Thence it emerges through holes like those shown in the picture, and seeks food on the surface as well as below. As the spring went on food became very scarce in Mr. Turner-Turner's hut. Marten flesh was considered beautiful, wolverine meat nice, and otter as good as beaver. Our last illustration shows THE LAST BEAVER caught by the side of a frozen lake. Beavers are the only animals which the Indians care to trap in this district, so the white trapper has the rest of the fur to himself.

At last all meat failed the party, and they were glad to share part of a cariboo carcass from which a wolf had fed. Then their stores arrived, and everyone was happier. This starvation period was probably accidental in part. Had the country been better known quarters might have been selected where game was more plentiful in winter. Even fur was scarce after December, and the interval between the New Year and the melting of the snow must have been very trying, especially for the lady who was with the party, and who evidently showed pluck and cheerfulness of a very unusual kind all this trying time.

The total catch of fur was 179 head, omitting squirrels and minor animals not worth counting. Among these was a black wolf, which weighed 91lb. even in the hungry period.



THE LAST BEAVER.

A BIG BAG FROM THE MILL-POOL.

DICK was a boy: a fat, good natured boy who expected people to do things for him, so they did them; he was a cheeky boy, too. He is very different now, but that's an immaterial detail—"We shall ne'er be younger." Marriage alters most boys, and even Dick is married; it is a fate

that few escape, and those few are all disappointed. He was very keen on fishing in the old days, and once, some fourteen or fifteen years ago, he inveigled me into an expedition after gudgeons. We neither of us understood the first four rules of the science of catching that succulent but wary little fish, and I w.e.l

recollect that after a long Saturday afternoon we were ashamed to take home our catch, and the boy kept asking me (with a view to the inevitable narrative at the supper table) whether I did not think that it must have been a pike that took his spoon off the line when we tried spinning for a change. Now it was palpably the river bed which took that spoon, but by the time we reached home I began to see things in a better light, and admitted that it might have been a fish, and if a fish, why, then a jack. So that brick-bat or meat-tin in the depths became almost certainly a pike.

Sunday comes after Saturday, though you might think nowadays, on the Thames, that it was only another and a more glorious Saturday; but we were not allowed to fish or row, so we went to church, and in the afternoon we walked. It was before the days of "bikes" or Sunday golf. It so happened that we passed a beautiful mill-pool which we had observed over-night with envy, for we knew that the right to fish in it was a privilege only enjoyed by intimate friends of the miller-man, whom we had not the pleasure of knowing. We had seen a man dropping lumps of clay into the water from a boat, and I suspected that he was up to some dodge we did not fully comprehend, which would make all the difference when he came to fish; however, he was not in the boat to-day and we passed on. Within a few yards we came upon a very neat little red cottage, fronted by a neat little close-cropped lawn, and backed by an equally neat little garden: the proprietor, for so I rightly judged him, was leaning over the gate smoking a cigar, and the clink of teacups sounded pleasantly from within. Just as we were going by, a younger man came out of the house with a small fishing-rod in his hand, and was immediately hailed by the gentleman with the cigar.

"Hullo, Ned," he said aggressively, "where are you off to?"

"Going to have a look at the water," said the other in an off-hand manner without stopping.

"Confound it all, man, you don't want a rod for that," said the elder; "you'll spoil everything, and old Watson will never forgive me if you do."

"Oh, rot," said Ned; "this belong my pidgin," and off he went by another gate.

Our presence had somehow seemed to include us in the conversation, and my friend Dick was so interested in the fishing-rod that he stopped to listen, and I, forgetting my manners, stopped also. The gentleman with the cigar was not above conversation with distinguished-looking strangers, and seeing us pause, said to Dick, "Are you a fisherman, young man?" which gave rise to other natural remarks. In fact Mr. Knight (for so I must call him) was so affable that we stayed quite a long time talking to him with much pleasure. He seemed amused at the boy, and asked him the French for "belong my pidgin."

"Half-a-crown if you guess—now, quick."

"Allez vous en au diable," retorted Dick instantly, whereupon we all laughed, and the coin was promptly handed over.

Mr. Knight then told us that his young brother and two other friends had come down for a day's fishing on the morrow in the famous mill-pool, for which they had permission, and Ned was so impatient that he had broken their agreement, and gone to try his luck before the swim was properly baited. "We got 5,000 lob-worms, A1 quality, all the way from Nottingham," he was saying, when a distant shout arrested our attention. "We put them in lumps of clay," he went on, but a second shout was too much for his curiosity, and in half a second we were all off for the river, full trot. Ned evidently had a fish on, and was yelling for a net, so Mr. Knight ran back, swearing hard, I fear, and muttering perplexities about what old Watson would say, to fetch the net, while we watched the rod bend in the hands of the impatient Ned. After about twenty minutes of great excitement, during which Dick was the most agitated of the party, a large fish was safely netted and carried back in triumph to the house—"a real fish," as Dick said admiringly.

It was indeed real, and proved to be the most magnificent barbel I ever saw, weighing 11lb. Mr. Knight explained to us how barbel should be hooked.

"Don't strike," said he, and we only wished we had the chance. "Don't strike, but haul—that's the tip; for if one gets off he leads away the whole shoal, and all your trouble and expense will be for nothing. But old Watson must not know of this. Mum's the word."

We went home rather disconsolate and envious, for Ned seemed the most favoured of human beings; fortune had indeed come to him with both hands full, for to-morrow he was to have a whole day in that wonderful pool over the thousands of lob-worms, and would be sure to catch another monster, we thought.

Being a pale and common drudge, I had to go back to town early on the Monday, and so was up betimes for breakfast. Dick did not appear. He had spoken of going early to see the fishermen at work, but I mistrusted his energy, and indeed gave little credence to Mr. Knight's assertion that he and his companions were to be on the water by 4 a.m. My own experience of Thames

fishing was not sufficient to tempt me out of bed at such an hour, but then I had never caught any real fish nor had the chance of fishing over 5,000 lob-worms direct from Nottingham. I returned in the afternoon, and met Dick coming downstairs; that "most briskly juvenal" was looking a trifle sleepy, but on seeing me he glowed.

"My aunt!" he said with expression, "have you seen the fish?"

"No. What fish?"

"Oh, no, of course not; they never caught anything, oh, dear no. That's why they chucked it at two. Of course."

My curiosity was aroused by this nonsense, but he refused to explain, and merely said "come and see."

So I went, and Dick conversed with me in the most tantalising manner on the way, thus:

"They put back eleven trout."

"Eleven? Big ones?"

"Well, the brace they kept weigh seven pounds. They ledgered, you know. You thread the worm on a hook, and let it down with a great, thumping piece of lead on it. Then you pull, but of course you don't catch anything, oh, no; not a gudgeon. That's why large soles are still very cheap, as you see in the paper."

I should probably have fallen violently upon the boy at this point, but we were now in sight of the neat little cottage, and no less than thirty-nine well-dressed people, mostly in boating dress, were looking over the hedge into the garden. The house was not on fire. Avoiding the crowd, Dick led me in by the side gate as if he were the oldest friend of the family, and on the trim little lawn showed me what the loafers were gazing at. The large barbel caught on Sunday was not there—it had gone to be stuffed—but the two trout were shining in the sun, fine fat ones they were, too, and there were also from five-and-twenty to thirty large barbel on the grass. I did not count them, but Mr. Knight, who joined us, told me that the total catch was 160lb. at lunch time when they stopped fishing.

I did not seem able to make any remark.

"They started soon after 3 a.m.," put in Dick, "and I got there myself by 6.10. By breakfast we had 100lb. I had breakfast here."

"Oh, did you?" I said faintly; "and what time did the fishmonger arrive?"

"He's still selling the large soles," retorted the cheeky one; "if you are wanting boots, now's the time."

Mr. Knight smilingly intervened, and drew us into the house for tea; the other sportsmen were all asleep, but our host and the irrepressible boy fought all their battles o'er again, and went through the incidents of the morning with unflagging gusto.

"That's what I call real fish," said the latter as we left, "and I've a jolly good mind to be a miller instead of going to Oxford."

Tales of big bags are always tantalising and mostly delusive, so I hasten to add as a postscript that this one of long ago is accurate, but the mill is now gone, and the fish—for there still are noble fish—hide in the weir pool in impracticable places. They seem to have marched with the times and got educated.

BRADNOCK HALL.



A SUCCESSFUL French *littérateur* and poet at the beginning of this century wrote the following:—"Man, creature of God, who taught you friendship? A dog. Who taught you hatred? A man."

It would seem as if Lady Rosslyn, whose portrait we give herewith, agreed with the foregoing sentiment, as her dogs are not only companions to her, but friends.

When she has been away for some time and returns home, they are always waiting on the doorstep to greet her, which they do with vehement signs of delight, barking and jumping up against her. Don, the collie, is one of the Newmarket breed, and the biggest of his kind the man has ever bred. He has a beautiful glossy coat, and is a perfect dog in his way; but if he were shown he would not take a prize, as his forehead is too broad. When scolded by his mistress, he will "talk" in his own peculiar way for a long time, and if he wants anything to eat he is always made to "ask for it," which he does with a very gentle bark. Wag is of the Old English Bobtail breed, and is, perhaps, Lady Rosslyn's favourite, as he is always with her. If she goes out driving, he goes too, and when she bicycles he will run for miles beside her, keeping so close that she can touch him with her hand. He is very affectionate and devoted to his mistress. He always goes into her room first thing when she is called, and puts his paws on to the bed to say "Good morning," and is seldom separated from her during the remainder of the day.

Another dog, a lurcher, called Bradlaugh by a poacher in Northampton, from whom he was bought, is also one of Lady Rosslyn's pets; but he is getting very old, and only goes out for a short walk with her, or a turn



DON, THE COLLIE.



Debenham. LADY ROSSLYN WITH WIG. Copyright

round the garden, spending the rest of his time in an armchair in her room which is kept for his exclusive use.

Lady Rosslyn spends several months in the year alone, but she never seems to feel dull or lonely with her three faithful friends.

ROOK AND RIFLE.

THE "merry month of May" is anything but a merry one for the rooks. Those sagacious birds, about whose reputation there is a perennial discussion vehemently conducted, though I believe most of their supposed misdeeds are actually those of the crows, have duly built or repaired their ample nests in the immemorial elms in February and March, and duly reared their hopeful families. Now in May both old and young birds must perforce become acquainted with gunpowder, which is the special detestation of the rook, as of the curlew and wood-pigeon. Indeed, it is difficult, when you have had some experience in looking for each, with a gun, to say which of the trio is most wary in eluding it, though a crafty old single crow will give points to either, for, sardonically croaking, he keeps wandering about just out of range, but near enough to make the inexperienced hand often waste powder upon him.

However, in this case, the young rooks are obliged by reason of their inability to quit their homes to smell powder; and the old ones (up to a certain point) are equally obliged to do so from affection

for their younglings. But that point once reached, affection yields to self-preservation. When the pea-rifle—or rook and rabbit rifle, as you may prefer the old or new nomenclature—is used, the old rooks take a much longer time in reaching this point than when there is a fusillade from all the old guns in the village. In the one case isolated puffs of smoke, in the other floating clouds, scent the spring air with the reek of villainous saltpetre. The result is the same in either case, but much further off in the latter.

Young rooks are good enough eating in some people's estimation in a pie—the tender steak which is the basis, and the hard-boiled eggs count for something—*ergo*, if you do not care for your game yourself when shot, there are always people on whom you can bestow it. At the old-fashioned village shoot—old-fashioned as regards both sport and guns—the robust general taste accounts for all the young rooks bagged.

The young birds vary in their conduct. They are fit for being shot as soon as they leave the nest. But the best chance of killing, and getting, them is when they are advanced enough to get clear out of the nest and sit on the boughs. The younger or more immature or timid birds sit persistently on the edge of the nest. If these are shot they invariably tumble into the depths of the nest. If they are merely wounded they hang with the most remarkable tenacity by their claws to the edge. But those which sit upon the branches, whether killed or wounded only, usually drop to the ground; usually, but not invariably. For sometimes these, as they flutter downward, alight among a tangle of twigs, and there remain. Thus, whatever the number of birds shot, there is always a proportion in this sport which is not obtained.

The use of the rifle by an artist is the most scientific way of shooting young rooks, and in most cases they are killed "neatly and completely" by the miniature bullet—there is little wounding or winging. But for one who can use the rook-rifle skilfully, a dozen can blaze away with a shot gun, and on the hit or miss chance with a gun that "throws wide," find their expectations much more likely to be realised. The handling of a rifle requires not only practice, but accuracy of eye and hand, in combination with allowance for windage, and that swaying of the branches which, though sometimes a mere tremulous motion, is always seen in trees when there is any breeze; and you do not, as a rule, find in May the tranquillity of brilliant mid-summer, without a leaf stirring. To calculate precisely the effect of a branch swaying as the bird is sighted and the trigger touched is not anything like so easy as it looks to the bystanders. But an effective shot is a very pretty little triumph, and birds are thus reached on higher branches in a much more effective manner than with a charge of shot which spreads among a tracery of twigs.

Rifle shooting at rooks is rather a contemplative thing—something like carp-fishing, and the proficient does not care for the social enjoyment (so far as "chaff" and uproarious mirth



C. Reid, Wistaw, N.B.

THE HEART OF THE ROOKERY.

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represent that phrase) which is associated with the ordinary village rook-shoot. A good many people of modest aspirations enjoy *that* also. They are not eager to prove their marksmanship, and do not mind being criticised with rustic satire when they miss. A good deal of powder and shot is expended; various ancient guns add to their reputation according to their owners' assertions, and a good deal of ale or cider is drunk. But though he may by some be deemed misanthropic, the rifle shooter likes to take his pleasure by himself, or with one or two comrades of similar tastes. This phase of rook-shooting is the quiet and scientific one, and so far as my poor opinion goes, the most merciful one for the victims whom the artist does not "tailor." And as nobody but an artist is likely to do execution with a rifle, the freaks of the tyro are a negligible quality. "Drawing a bead," in the language of the backwoods stories beloved in our youth, even on a rook is an occupation which one does not wish disturbed by what Dominie Sampson calls "facet-i-ous-ness."



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

SETTLING DOWN AGAIN.

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And this is one of the accompaniments of the old-fashioned rook-shoot—in fact, one of its charms. F. G. WALTERS.

GOLF LINKS.—VII. Inland Greens.

IN previous sketches we have given glimpses of golf at its most classic resorts—in every instance on those seaside links whose soil is sand. The *habitué* of these golden links speaks always with a sad pity of him who is condemned to golf on inland greens, greens whose soil is not of this sandy nature, but in which "little master worm" holds high revel, and throws up his little casts to impede the rolling of any golf ball, and to stick to the ball in a dirty and vexatious fashion, after being rolled through. Such is the nature of all pasture land, and, in less degree, of down turf. Heathery soil is a little better, but none compares for golfing excellence with the beautiful turf of the seaside links. For all that, there is a deal of good golf played, and a deal of golf, good, bad, and indifferent, heartily enjoyed, on these links that are not of the highest seaside quality; and it is very worthy of notice to what a pitch of excellence the game can be brought by those who practise on inland courses. Braid, engaged at Romford, was within a putt of being the champion this year, yet all his practice of late years has been on that inland green. Similarly, when Vardon won the championship at Muirfield, after a tie with Taylor, he had been for years at the inland green, so far as the nature of its soil and golf is concerned, of Ganton, near Scarborough. Taylor, too, who tied with him, and had won the championship outright in each of the two preceding years—where had he

worked his game up to such a very high level? On the inland, down, course at Winchester. And finally Herd, who failed to win the championship, but, about the date of Taylor's and Vardon's victories, was winning every scoring competition except the championship, was practising all the while on the Huddersfield green, where he was, and still is, engaged as resident player. It can scarcely be asked that any further testimony should be adduced of the excellence of inland greens as a golfing school. Of course, all these players had originally learnt on one of the links by the seaside—Braid at Elie, Taylor at Westward Ho! Vardon at Jersey, Herd at St. Andrews; but, nevertheless, the fact remains that the working up of their game to the winning pitch in each case had been work accomplished on inland greens. That golf is as pleasant on these loamy or clay soils, where the boot, the ball, and the club alike get muddy, as on the seaside courses, where you may go dryshod in thin shoes as soon as the rain has ceased, and where mud is an unknown quantity, is not to be contended. Golf is not so pleasant there, but we have shown that it is no less profitable; and is it not just possible that in the very unpleasantness that makes its difficulty is to be found an explanation of its profitability? School, we may remember, was not altogether a pleasant place; if there had been no lessons, it might have been a deal more pleasant, but our parents had a way of thinking that it would not have



T. Fall,

A GOOD STEADY PUTT.

Baker Street.

been so profitable. Likewise, it is possible that the worm casts and the general mudliness and unpleasantness of inland courses may be in the nature of lessons for us, and that our game may make profit out of them, though they may not please us.

The accompanying illustrations of golf on an inland course are taken from the excellent green of Stanmore, and give a very typical picture of the hazards and general nature of these greens. The tree, which forms so constant a hazard inland, is scarcely a recognised golfing hazard at all at the classic resorts. It is true that a man may, and in the old days frequently did, hit a tree at North Berwick, but this was because he drove his ball not on, but off, the course, and the same thing may happen to him at Muirfield.

The illustration that depicts the golfer DRIVING OFF THROUGH A SMALL AVENUE between plantations shows what an excellent hazard, exacting dire penalties for divergence from the line, trees can furnish. At Byfleet, Eastbourne, and many other inland greens, a feature is a drive right over some tall elms or firs, though there is usually "another way" of creeping round the plantation that is resorted to by the golfing babes.

The first picture shows a comfortable club-house in the background, artificial bunkers in the middle distance, and a very good and steady golfer putting at the hole in the foreground. There is no reason why the putting on the inland greens should not be as good as on any of the classic links. It is only a matter of work and money. You cannot make your bunkers quite as good as the sand-pits by the sea, for these latter have the peculiar charm of being Nature's handiwork, which man can only imitate in a humble degree. If one may be allowed to criticise those shown in our picture, one might say that their imitation of Nature's curves is scarcely as successful as it might be. They err, perhaps, in being too stiff and straight. An irregular or S shape of outline would have seemed more natural, and also it would have been better for strictly golfing uses, giving a good hazard player something of a chance of getting out of them, and, by putting cut or pull on his ball, bringing it round into some-



T. Fall,

THE CLUB MEMBERS.

Baker Street.

thing like the proper direction. Rather too uncompromising are these stiff and straight bunkers; and this is not a criticism of those seen in the picture particularly, but of the great majority of bunkers artificially planned, for it seems that in only a few instances have our links gardeners had the gift of the artistic eye, or even of the unspoilt natural eye, for Nature abhors a straight line almost as much as a vacuum. Of course, as a matter of economy, a straight bunker has the advantage; there is less of it to make and less of it to keep up, a straight line being the shortest distance between the two points which are the extremities of the line that the bunker is intended to guard.

Of inland greens, that where Taylor is resident now, Wimbledon, is the oldest established, and is certainly the most beautiful of any within equal radius of London. As to which is the best inland green in the world, the name of those for which this pride of place is claimed is legion. A facetious scribe has propounded as a golfing riddle, "Mention an inland green of which X (X being a certain popular professional) has not said it is the best inland green he knows," and obviously the only way to put oneself safe from odium in one's comparisons is to make such an assertion of all greens, or of none. The truth is that their merits are various, that they have the defects of their qualities.

Some are good by reason of their length, others for the beauty of their putting greens, a few for the excellence of their lies and hazards. Woking is good, because it is such a jolly, breezy place on a fine day. Byfleet is pleasant, because it is so nicely sheltered from the cold wind. If a man cannot allow excellences in one green because he plays on another, he must be a kind of one-eyed golfer, or, at best, one-ideaed. No green "surprises in himself" all excellences; it is not even too much to say that there is no green that has none. Yet to hear men talk, one might think that one green only was worth a sane man's playing on, and that all the rest should be left for hockey. Still, if all the world was as wise as ourselves, what a different world we should make of it!

HORACE HUTCHINSON.



T. Fall,

DRIVING OFF THROUGH A SMALL AVENUE.

Baker Street.

Coaches from London.—II. The "Old Times."

THE "Old Times" coach is well named. It is owned and occasionally driven by Mr. Thomas Harveyson, an ideal coachman of the old school. He took his degree, so to speak, in the real days of coaching, when "we used to work from Carlisle to Edinburgh," and he is about as keen a judge of a coach-horse as any man living, though he complains sadly that he has to give ever so much more for horses now than in the days of yore. Probably he would call them golden days; but,

according to him, silvern were an apter phrase, for the burden of his lament is that you have to give fifty or sixty sovereigns for a horse, where formerly fifteen or twenty would have sufficed. But he must forgive me if I doubt whether his memory does not exaggerate the virtues and extenuate the defects of the teams which he used to drive across the Scottish Border many years ago. Certainly it is hard to believe that any of the twenty horses which take the "Old Times" to Virginia Water

now could, even in the most poverty-stricken period, have been secured for £20. About a washy chestnut, who played the part of near leader, and of whom, as they say in the play, there will be more anon, there may be doubts; but of the majority of the horses, of which a dark, upstanding chestnut, the very model of a brougham horse, is perhaps the pick, there can be no doubt whatsoever. They are a very sound lot. Moreover, Mr. Harveyson inspires confidence. Horses may pull, but in Mr. Harveyson, who takes no notice of times and seasons, but runs the coach all the year round, winter and summer, they have something to pull against. Next in importance to him comes Bullock, the guard. He does not wear, as Fred of the "Rocket" does, a furry beaver, but a tall hat of dull felt, a judicious mixture of the opera hat and the country doctor's headpiece. His drab coat has lapels of light blue. The surface of his feet is undulating, like a raised map of Palestine, as it ought to be. Bunions, we have it on high literary authority, go with coaching. The coaching man has no use for his feet, and the feet resent it. But Bullock is an active fellow, as he had occasion to show in the course of the drive under notice. Above all he is a superlative performer on the posthorn. He won the silver horn at the Crystal Palace last year; he charms and astonishes Piccadilly with quaint tricks and flourishes of brazen music; he makes the country lanes echo with veritable tunes; he electrifies Richmond, and arouses sleepy Walton-on-Thames. Fred of the "Rocket" may look the part better, may have a more inscrutable craft in his simple eye, but Bullock can blow him into a cocked hat. His motto, like that of a middle-class family I used to know, might be "Free for a blast." Bullock, therefore, inspires confidence. So does the spick and span coach—not because it is spick and span, but because it weighs about twenty-seven hundredweight, and would be reasonably sure to have the mastery in a collision with any vehicle except a waggon laden with cabbages or a brewer's dray. All this is so much to the good, for the nervous passenger needs all the confidence he can attain by inspiration or otherwise. Mr. Tom Harveyson, full of experience, substantial, indomitable, drives, as I have said, on occasion. He will bring the coach home along Piccadilly on a congested afternoon with a combination of dash and steadiness and nice judgment of pace and space which is truly admirable. But he does not always drive. His pupils sometimes handle the ribbons, and he sits as Mentor behind them. Those pupils are always safe, sometimes too safe, but one does not know them as one knows Mr. Harveyson. "A nervous business," I ventured to suggest to one of them, "this steering a four-in-hand down the crowded streets." "Not a bit of it; I



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A FRESH TEAM AT HAMPTON COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

did not feel in the least nervous," said our charioteer; but his were not the only nerves in the world, and I had felt like the probable victim of a novel, and rather rough, kind of vivisection. We got through safely enough, and I envied the charioteer for that. But there came the limit of envy. I did not grudge him his place of honour when he tried to stimulate the near leader, our old friend the washy chestnut, to activity. He hit a lot of things and people and horses, but the near leader never felt the lash. And it must have been difficult to preserve an attitude of dignified unconcern when Mr. Harveyson muttered imperiously, "Bullock, give that near 'orse something; 'old his 'ead tight and 'it him"; and the faithful Bullock, bunions and all, descended and obeyed his master's behests with a big stick. Again, it cannot be pleasant when you are turning the awkward corner on to Richmond Bridge, or off it, to be told gravely, "We never walk, sir," or to be adjured paternally not to let a leader canter, because it will spoil him. No, to enjoy greatly the delights of driving a coach, the pupil must suffer greatly also. But his sufferings are not a circumstance to those of the men and women who sit behind him, though their forearms and shoulders do not ache, and their pride suffers no fall. On the whole I would rather be driven by anybody than drive.

The route by which the "Old Times" emerges from London is not beautiful until Hammersmith Bridge is reached, for Hammersmith itself is by no means a thing of beauty; but as the coach crosses the river one begins at once to enter scenes which not only exercise fascination upon the eye, but also stimulate literary and historical reminiscences. Away on the right in Chiswick Mall is the famous Miss Pinkerton's Academy immortalised by Thackeray in "Vanity Fair." The house which was pressed into the service of the novelist was one in which he had lived in childhood, but it is connected all the world over by an indissoluble tie with the memory,

hardly the sacred memory, of Becky Sharp. One cannot pass in view of Chiswick Mall without remembering the delicious scene of the hurling of the "Dixonary." Then, crossing Barnes Common, we find ourselves rattling through Sheen and Richmond, rich in historic memories. The architectural scenery, so to speak, of these Thames-side towns is pleasant. The great houses are stately and embowered in great trees of immemorial age; the streets are narrow and picturesque; the smaller houses are quaint and many gabled, and the ancient red brick walls and tiles have assumed a wonderful colour. Hampton Court, of course, is a prominent feature of the drive, but Hampton Court is too great, too beautiful, and too complex to be treated as a mere episode.



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PASSING THE THAMES AT MOLESEY.

"COUNTRY LIFE,"

One might dilate for ever, too, on the majesty and the verdure of the great chestnut avenue in Bushey Park, one of the wonders of the world in the way of arboriculture. It was not in full splendour on this boisterous morning in early May, for the unfolding of the blossoms was still to come, though the promise of them was abundant in the form of green spikes rising upright as darts above the tender green leaves. But for me the trees themselves were an unending delight. The inland-bred traveller, it seems to me, can hardly appreciate at its full worth the wonderful growth of English trees. He is accustomed to them; they are part of his normal environment. But to him who has been nurtured on the wild West Coast they are a never-ceasing source of joy and admiration. He has grown to manhood among trees which have had to struggle for a bare existence against cruel influences. The howling gales from the south-west have been with the trees that he knows best from infancy to maturity. Their leading shoots have been torn and twisted out of shape; the salt breezes have nipped and trimmed them remorselessly, so that the windward side of every wood looks as if it had been clipped into pent-house form. They are dwarfed, gnarled, and distorted survivals of an endless battle. But the lines of the Bushey chestnuts have been cast in pleasant places, and they are a picture of luxuriant growth. Under them a great herd of fallow deer lay in the lush wet grass, and then, from the left hand, a red stag with budding antlers, and a hind or two, exceeding graceful and free from all thought of danger, came trotting past. The spirit of peace and abundant growth animated the whole picture. Space will not last for ever, and stern fate compels me to pick and choose between many alluring subjects. Shall Walton or Chertsey, both sleepy and picturesque, both full of old-world memories, be celebrated? Shall the desultory chronicler of this pleasant cruise on wheels speak of the ideal surroundings of that well-equipped hotel in Oatlands Park, which one can hardly believe at first to be a house of public entertainment at all? It has all the appearance of a great country house, and the young men and maidens who come out to watch the change of horses and speed along the smooth drives on their bicycles, look for all the world like members of the house party of a hospitable squire. Some day I must stay for a while at Oatlands Park, so that something may be said about it on the basis of experience; at present it can only be said that if the hotel is as good as it looks and worthy of its surroundings, it must be one of the best in the world.

But so long as Twickenham exists upon the route of the "Old Times" coach, it must present irresistible attractions to any man or woman of literary tastes. It is beautiful, and it is positively redolent of memories. Almost every house one passes has a history ancient and modern. Here a tablet designates the site of Pope's villa, in which a pungent satirist of to-day, Mr. Henry Labouchere, Member of Parliament and Master of *Truth*, in italics, may often be found. Farther away on the road Sir George Lewis, the most celebrated solicitor of this or any other day, seeks rest from the multitudinous cares of others which occupy his acute brain. His reminiscences, if they could ever be written completely, would be of enthralling interest. But most fascinating of all is "the fantastic little pile of buildings" at Strawberry Hill which will be associated for ever with the name of Horace Walpole. He bought it in 1748 from Mrs. Chenevix, a fashionable toy-dealer, and his own description of it is accessible in the selected passages from his letters, edited by Mr. L. B. Seeley, of Trinity College, Cambridge. "It is a little plaything-house that I got out of Mrs. Chenevix's shop, and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filigree hedges—

"A small Euphrates through the piece is rolled,
And little finches wave their wings in gold."

Stern architectural critics have, I think, taken Walpole's additions to the original cottage too seriously. He made it into an extraordinarily nondescript collection of fancies, but he writes often as if the whimsicality of his proceedings was in his mind all the time. To add to a trumpery little cottage a refectory, gallery, round tower, great cloister, cabinet, great north bed-chamber, Beauclerk tower, and hexagon closet was a caprice; but he knew he was acting capriciously, and, when others spoke



STARTING FROM OATLANDS PARK ON THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY.

of "gingerbread Gothic," he was himself content to write of it as "a paper building." How he crammed the quaint building with curiosities, and how he loved the life there, his letters show abundantly. "We lead quite a rural life here, have had a sheep-shearing, a haymaking, a syllabub under the cow, and a fishing of three gold fish out of Payang for a present to Madam Clive." He mourns the destruction of his trees by tempest; he glories in the blooming of his Austrian roses. Strawberry Hill, in fact, will always be associated in my mind with the most charming series of letters ever written by a man whose faults do not matter now, whereas his cleverness and brilliancy are a joy for ever.

Perhaps, however, the most beautiful part of the drive to Virginia Water is the end of it, for it displays in a good deal of variety some of the most beautiful woodland scenery of fertile England. The best of it is a point, which all men ought to know by name, but I do not know, where on the right hand are lush meadows, and on the left a steep escarpment on which the tall beeches flourish amazingly. "A Paradise for squirrels," said my companion; and surely it is a Paradise for man also. For nothing can be more restful to the eye than the tall columnar trunks, and the translucent green foliage through which the sunlight penetrates fitfully. After a while you are at the hotel, and, luncheon over, there is time for a gentle saunter through the rhododendrons and into the woods, where the trunks of the Scotch firs glow in the sun, and you walk on springy turf beside the gleaming pool, where the reed birds twitter and chatter, and the coots pile up their heaps of dead reeds and call them nests. Then, a blast of the horn in the distance, and it is time to be off to London.



THE innumerable lives of Mr. Gladstone which have appeared in the newspapers during the past week are, I venture to say, highly creditable to the newspaper Press. There has been a whining note of late to the effect that literature is neglected and that newspapers are read in preference to books. But the essence of literature is not to be found in the thick sumptuous paper or in the elaborate bindings, but in the matter and the style. With this in mind, I venture to say that the biographies, written by opponents as well as by friends, which rushed into print immediately the fatal news was telegraphed from Hawarden, go a long way to explain the reason of popular taste for newspapers and to justify it. Take the memoir contained in any morning paper of position, and compare it with almost any biography of the dead man that has been produced in book form. The comparison cannot result otherwise than in a verdict favourable to the newspaper. In all the papers are to be noted exactitude and completeness of information, purity of style, dignity of tone, justice of proportion, and all the proper qualities of abiding literature. Of the books it is impossible to say the same, and therefore perhaps better to say nothing at all.

Mr. Gladstone himself wrote many books which attracted attention rather because he was Mr. Gladstone than for any other reason. "Juventus Mundi" was about the best of them; the translations of Horace were the worst; but these last were written very late in life. It is strange indeed that the written words

of the great orator should have lacked entirely the charm which was characteristic of his speeches. But the speeches are really his literary monument. Before long, when political passions have subsided, when the controversial questions upon which Mr. Gladstone's life was spent have become a memory, the speeches themselves will be studied, like those of Burke, as a model and example. By the way, do any men read Curran's speeches now? They always strike me as masterpieces of pure and passionate eloquence.

Good people were talking anxiously a week or two ago of the baneful effect which the American-Spanish War—believed to be still in progress—might be expected to produce upon the sale of books. On the sale of ordinary books in this country it is probably producing no effect at all. In America it is reducing sales. But on the sale in this country of books to which little attention is usually paid a beneficial influence has been exercised. The Law publishers have enjoyed what the Americans call a boom. Books on International Law relating to blockade, neutrality, and the like have been in great demand. *Literature* notes that Mr. Gladstone was accustomed to complain somewhat bitterly of the neglect shown in England to works of this class. That was due to their dullness, from the point of view of the general reader, and, from the lawyer's standpoint, to the rarity of the opportunities of making money out of the knowledge embodied in those books.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "Helbeck of Bennisdale," is to be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder on June 10th. The announcement is to my mind one of considerable interest for several reasons. Mrs. Ward is profound, but never dull. All her novels are written with the utmost care; all of them give one something to think about. In one hope I venture to indulge. Let it be trusted that this new novel is not political. The title is not threatening, but the memory of Marcella haunts me; and even worse than Marcella herself were the numerous ladies who thought Marcella was really intended for them.

Two books calculated to interest the readers of COUNTRY LIFE may be expected soon. Firstly, Miss E. A. Ormerod will produce, under the title "Handbook of Insects Injurious to Orchard and Bush Fruits," the result of many years of arduous labour. It need hardly be said that she is the best living authority on the subject. Illustrations will enable the unlearned to identify the enemies of their crops. Dr. Greene, F.Z.S., will also bring out shortly a series of essays entitled "Phases of Bird Life." Another book to be eagerly anticipated by those who possess collections of gold and silver plate made by their ancestors in many lands, is Mr. Christopher Markham's handbook, to be published by Messrs. Reeves and Turner. It will contain illustrations of the marks and notes of various silversmiths. It ought to be of great value.

Those who love letters and life in the country will observe with pleasure that the sale of the first five editions of the "Complete Angler" was quite the sensation of the Ashburnham sale; £800 and no less was the price realised. The value of Walton's books from the antiquarian standpoint is of quite recent growth, but the popularity of the work has grown immensely, nearly a hundred editions having been brought out in this century. The whole sum realised by the sale was £62,711.

The *Cornhill Magazine* is making great strides under the able editorship of Mr. Charles Larcom Graves, the son of the Bishop of Limerick. For the June number a great treat is promised in the shape of a new instalment of the correspondence between Charles Lamb and Robert Lloyd upon matters of keen literary interest. Izaak Walton, Jeremy Taylor, and Shakespeare are the subjects of the correspondence, and it will be particularly interesting to see what Charles Lamb thought of Walton.

I shall look with great interest for the two new works on hunting by Mr. W. C. A. Blew which are shortly to be published. They deal with those two hunts famed in song and story, the Quorn and the Meynell. No man is better qualified to write on the subject than Mr. William Blew. From his youth up he has devoted himself to sport and its literature, and his services to the *Field* newspaper, first as hunting correspondent with Sir Watkin's hounds, and later as hunting editor, have been invaluable. He is also a keen critic of oarsmanship, and his views on the prospects of the University Boat Race may always be treated with profound respect. He is a sportsman and a gentleman every inch of him, though the inches are not many. To look at, he is the very model of a horseman.

Those who knew the late Mr. Alfred Cock, Q.C., mainly as a hard-fighting lawyer, will learn almost with surprise that the sale of the books and manuscripts collected by him will be almost in the nature of a great literary event. Underneath a bluff and occasionally aggressive exterior he concealed a delicate taste in matters bibliographical. Moreover, he had the wisdom to concentrate his collecting mania on special subjects. The result is that his books and manuscripts connected with Sir Thomas More, which will be offered in one lot, are an almost priceless treasure.

Books to order from the library:—

- "The Mutiny in Delhi." Two native narratives translated by C. O. Metcalfe.
- "The Cheverels of Cheverel Manor." Lady N. Newdegate.
- "A Widow's Tale." By the late Mrs. Oliphant.
- "The Shrouded Face." Owen Rhosconyl.
- "The Last Lemurian." G. F. Scott.
- "The Heart of Miranda." H. B. Marriott Watson.

LOOKER-ON.

FROM THE PAVILION.

THE weather continues unkindly enough for cricket. Rain falls, and makes the wickets good for the slow bowler. East wind blows and makes everything disagreeable, including the business of watching cricket from the pavilion. The West Country weather behaved itself exceptionally well in the first important fixture of the Somersetshire County Club. Mr. Woods is not at his best while the wickets are slow, and the best work done for the West has no doubt been Mr. C. Sewell's fine century for Gloucestershire. It is, we believe, his own best performance. For the rest, J. Hearne has proved himself a good bowler, though this is no news, and a bowler, too, who is able to take advantage of every help the wicket gives him. Rather more of a novelty, but no less useful, is Rhodes for Yorkshire—an excellent discovery for the county. Mr. Jackson has bowled finely for them too, and who is there that will not be pleased by Lord Hawke's half century on a wicket that makes half a century worth a whole one on a fast pitch? But there have been actual centuries in plenty, in spite of the slow bowler's wickets. Dr. W. G. Grace always likes to set the Colts a good example, and was still undefeated when play ceased, with a century and a-half to his credit. Most valuable of all, however—invaluable, for it turned the tide of events, won the match; and who can say what influence that encouraging win of the first match may not exercise on the future cricket of the year?—was that gallant innings of Mr. A. J.

Turner for Essex. We are all glad to see Essex doing so well; she has fought her way up so gallantly to a leading position among the first-class counties. Another match well snatched out of the fire, and threatened defeat turned to victory, was Oxford University's match against Mr. Webbe's twelve. Perhaps this was rather in the nature of a bowler's than a batsman's triumph. Mr. Cunliffe doing wonderfully good work in the second innings. With Mr. de Zoete incapacitated by a strain, Mr. E. Penn has proved himself a very useful bowler in one of Cambridge University's trial matches, but we should rather expect him to prove his value with the bat than with the ball, judging from what we saw of his work in the Eton eleven. Derbyshire, with the help of Storer's century, and also of some useful bowling by this fine all-round cricketer, had rather hard luck in not having a fair try to beat Notts, but Notts showed, as they have shown before, unequalled power in playing for a draw. They showed, too, one very good thing, and that is that Shrewsbury is in the best of form again this year. Dench also played well, but the team lacks bowling. Hampshire seems to have discovered another exceedingly useful military bat besides Captain Wynyard. It was a great performance on the part of Captain Poore, on his first appearance for the county, to make the highest score of the innings, and to carry his bat through from start to finish; but as a whole the county did not bat brilliantly. Mr. Jackson seems to have found his form with the bat again, and batted finely against Gloucestershire, being run out eventually, but his score was overshadowed by Tunnicliffe's grand play, and again the Gloucestershire lack of bowling was in evidence. Mr. Bosanquet, playing for M.C.C. against Oxford University, must have had peculiar satisfaction in bowling out so many of his fellow undergraduates who would not let him into their representative ranks. It should give him a claim for a further trial for his "blue." Generally speaking, however, the weather was all against good cricket, and especially against good batting. Tomlin's century for Leicestershire *versus* Lancashire is too good an item to be overlooked. Essex, flushed with the confidence inspired by their fine win from Surrey, made a grand start against Sussex. Albert Ward replied to Tomlin with a fine century, in which was no mistake. But Leicestershire was left with a substantial lead, and for the rest all interest in cricket was virtually drowned by the rain.

LONG-SLIP.

ON THE GREEN.

SINGULARLY ungallant has the weather been in its treatment of the ladies playing for their golfing championship at Great Yarmouth. These excellent links of Great Yarmouth, almost too sandy of soil, can stand any amount of rain, and in that driest corner of all Great Britain are grateful for it; but they lie on the East Coast, for all that, exposed to the worst virulence of the east wind, which blew with wintry keenness throughout the matches. Some of the interest was taken from the tournament by the absence of the holder of the championship, Miss E. Orr, and of Miss Orr, her sister and the runner-up last year. And yet this absence perhaps left the event so much the more open. The winner, Miss Lena Thomson, won a very well-deserved victory, the odds being thought to be rather against her in the final tie, wherein she met Miss E. Neville. The latter had played very well, beating strong opponents. Notably she had beaten Miss Islette Pearson, just after the latter had defeated Miss Amy Pascoe, a former lady champion. And she had also beaten Miss Dod, in the semi-final tie, though not a few had prophesied that Miss Dod would be the winner outright. In the semi-final tie with Miss Thomson was Miss A. Barwell, defeated only by the champion. Then came the final. Almost from the first Miss Thomson played in very fine form. The crowd that followed behind the rope, and the greatness of the occasion, only seemed to inspire her to better things, while perhaps they disturbed her opponent's eye and confidence. In any case, Miss Thomson came in a very easy winner, and holds the championship for the Wimbledon Club. It had been rumoured that Miss Beatrix Hoyt, lady champion of the States, would take a part in this year's championship matches here; but it seems to have been rumour only. The English ladies had matters much to themselves, only one Scotch lady, Miss Titterton, entering the lists.

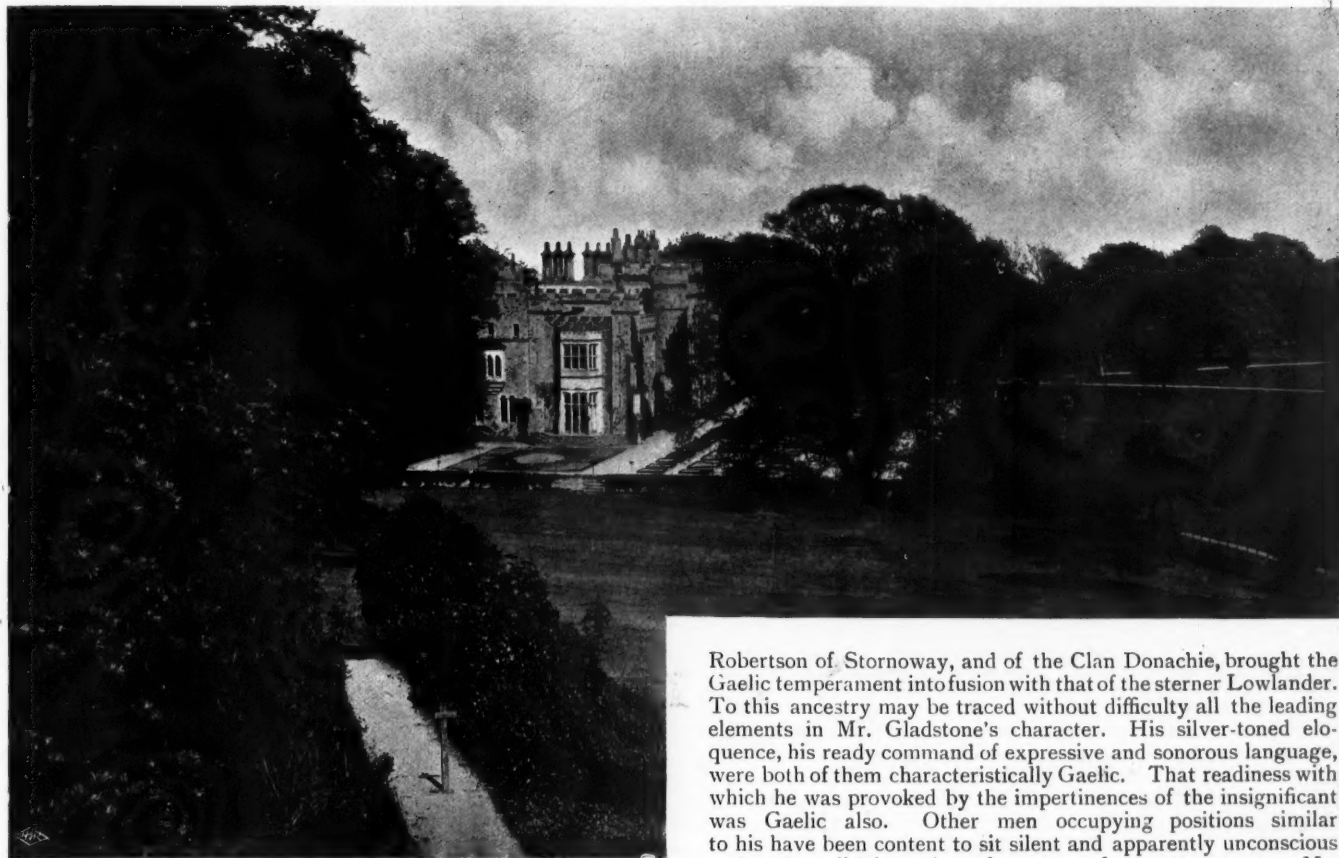
So Park has gone away with a good lead from Fernie in their big match. Park was at home at Musselburgh, so it was but to be looked for that he would have some advantage. But that advantage has stretched itself out to seven holes, and that is just a little too many. It represents something rather more than the fair advantage given by greater familiarity with the ground—advantage that was with Park at Musselburgh, but will be all on Fernie's side in the second half of the match, to be played at Troon, on June 4th. Fernie, it is to be said, did not play at all ill to lose those seven holes at Musselburgh. Park was not only at home, but also was on the very top of his powerful game. Fernie could scarcely hope to hold him, and, in fact, did not do very much amiss to be only seven holes down. In the first of the nine holes played after luncheon, Park's score of thirty-five was too good for anyone to hope to hold. The match is very far from being finished yet, but there is no doubt that Park's seven holes give him a useful advantage in it.

Mr. Hilton continues to play marvellously well, especially in scoring competitions. At Lytham St. Anne's, although the course has lately been lengthened, he was round, on the first competition day, in 76, and in the afternoon in 80. These scores brought him in a long way ahead of any of the others. Mr. Dick came nearest to him, but there was a long gap between them. And on the second competition day, very curiously, Mr. Hilton exactly repeated these two rounds, although the east wind was disconcerting enough to ordinary talents. It is true that Mr. Ball was not in the field against him, nor any of the tip-top men, but for all that his scores were tip-top, and we doubt whether any of the amateur brigade would have challenged them.

OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION.

OUR frontispiece this week represents Miss Cecilie Victoria Sackville West, and her Blenheim spaniel, Demo. Miss Sackville West is the second daughter of Colonel the Hon. W. E. Sackville West, formerly of the Grenadier Guards, brother of Lord Sackville, and uncle of Lord De La Warr. Her mother was the daughter of the late George Dodwell, Esq., of Kevinscourt, County Sligo. After retiring from the Army, Colonel the Hon. W. E. Sackville West was for some time occupied as Bursar of Keble College, Oxford. Later he became agent of Lord Penrhyn's extensive estates in North Wales, a position from which he is now retiring, universally respected and beloved in the vicinity, as, indeed, are all his family.

A GREAT MAN'S END.



C. W. Wilson. THE CASTLE FROM THE PARK.

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THE appointed day has come, and William Ewart Gladstone is no longer among the living. Never again will relatives or intimate friends enjoy the manly grace of his presence or the varied charm of his conversation. Yet neither those who were nearest and dearest to him, nor those who felt with him and loved him, nor those foes of other days who have buried their enmity in sympathy, can affect to regret that the end has come, for with it has come rest from prolonged pain. Of the slow malady against which a robust constitution fought to the last moment, it has long been known that there could be but one issue; and if, on the one hand, the sick bed on which the heart of the country has been fixed for many weeks has presented an ennobling example of fortitude and patience, on the other hand it has been infinitely sorrowful. The great man had lived his life, had indeed lived every moment of it, and his work was done. The proper time had come for the loosing of the silver cord and the breaking of the golden bowl. Let there be "no moaning at the bar" now that he has gone out to sea.

It is needless, and it were foreign to our scope, to trace step by step the development of Mr. Gladstone's political views, or to express any opinion concerning the wisdom or the unwisdom of his political conduct at various periods of his career. That is a great thing gained, for the complete worshippers of Mr. Gladstone as the political hero have, almost to a man, been unable to resist the temptation to speak in unworthy tones of those other great men, not less sincere than he was, who resisted him in many a prolonged encounter. Nothing, for example, could revive the bitterness which many good men once felt towards Mr. Gladstone except the perusal of such a book as Mr. George W. E. Russell's short biography. Yet it is the book of an able man and of a politician of some mark, marred only by that acrid tone and that total want of consideration for the feelings of others which seem to be inherent in political literature. Here, at any rate, there is no need for anything of the kind. Surely it is possible to survey the making of a great character, the brilliancy of a noble intellect, surely it is feasible to indicate the salient points in that character and that intellect, without trespassing upon the rough and miry ground of controversy.

And first of Mr. Gladstone's breeding. It used to be said at one time that he claimed as many birthplaces as were claimed for Homer himself, but in fact he was born in Liverpool in 1809. His pedigree and his training are of interest, for the influence of them was visible time after time in his life and temperament. His lineage was ancient and aristocratic. The Gledstanes of Libberton, in Lanarkshire, were a knightly race, and from them his father clearly came. His mother, the daughter of Provost

Robertson of Stornoway, and of the Clan Donachie, brought the Gaelic temperament into fusion with that of the sterner Lowlander. To this ancestry may be traced without difficulty all the leading elements in Mr. Gladstone's character. His silver-toned eloquence, his ready command of expressive and sonorous language, were both of them characteristically Gaelic. That readiness with which he was provoked by the impertinences of the insignificant was Gaelic also. Other men occupying positions similar to his have been content to sit silent and apparently unconscious under the wild invective of persons of no consequence. Mr. Gladstone, on the contrary, could always be provoked into indignant retort. Never did any man illustrate more frequently the essential truth of that clever saying, "The wasp points this moral, that it requires no brains to annoy. It can sting just as well without its head as with it." The wasps of the political world had an easy prey in Mr. Gladstone. Yet that must not be set down as a sign of weakness of character in him. Rather was it a part of that stately courtesy of manner, that old-world graciousness, which was characteristic of the man. The words spoken, the accusation made, were the important thing. The personality of the speaker mattered but little. At worst, if the scene took place in the House of Commons, the offender must needs be the chosen representative of free electors. To despise him would be to show contempt towards them also. The temperament which compelled Mr. Gladstone to reply on these occasions was a blend of quickness and of instinctive courtesy; both qualities are as Gaelic as they can be.

Most prominent among the motives which animated the public and private life of Mr. Gladstone was steadfast and outspoken religious conviction. It is not an easy matter to discuss in these days, and we can readily believe the statement that some of the more hard-headed and secular amongst his supporters in later life found it hard to follow him when, in discussing this question or that, he appealed to religion directly, and with an open frankness rare in these days. His Lowland ancestry on the paternal side, his life at Oxford, his early association with Newman and Manning, his environment in his father's house, may have accounted for this trait in his character. Be that as it may, there remains the fact that the example of Mr. Gladstone's life is a possession for ever. Possessed of splendid abilities, able at any moment to sway almost any audience by the resistless power of his oratory, he was at all times, and whatsoever his policy of the day might be, the Sir Galahad of politics. With that knight of the Arthurian Legend he might have cried,

"My good sword carves the casques of men,
My good lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

He was, to put the matter frankly and reverently, a great man animated by intensely religious conviction, who was not ashamed to protest his religion before the world. With him religion was the spring of action and the true criterion of policy. Hence came it that, although he had many opponents at different times of his life, he had few personal enemies. Men might differ from him often, those of his own household might be compelled to desert him, because they were convinced that the view which he took was wrong and ruinous. But no man worthy of the name of gentleman ever, in his heart of hearts, questioned the



H. S. Mendelssohn.

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W. Gladstone

sincerity of Mr. Gladstone's motives or his absolute belief that he was in the right. It is for this reason, and perhaps mainly for this reason, that it has been said wisely that the influence exercised by Mr. Gladstone in the direction of the purification of public life has been incalculably great.

Unfortunately, it must be admitted on all hands that the firmness of Mr. Gladstone's convictions, and his implicit belief at all times that he was following the path of duty, could only be matched by the rapidity with which those convictions were changed, and the number of opposite directions in which the path of duty appeared to him to lie. Now honest doubt is creditable in a man as an indication of transparent purity of mind. But an unprecedented capacity for adopting new opinions is not precisely the quality to be sought for in a political guide. It may, indeed, have the minor defect of wrecking a political party, and of sending that fragment of the party which retains the title into exile for many years. That, however, is hardly a matter for us. More interesting is it to endeavour to account for this peculiarity of mental constitution in a noble and intellectual man. Unless we are greatly in error, we perceive the influences which went to produce this curious and interesting result. Bred as he was, in a household in which Mr. Channing and his policy were held in high esteem, nurtured at Eton and at Christ Church, Mr. Gladstone could hardly have failed to enter life

a relative. But there is little doubt that he was influenced unconsciously by what may be called personal accidents. For example, he was constitutionally incapable of understanding his greatest opponent. Always fervidly in earnest, passionately attached to this cause or that, he could not appreciate Disraeli. Wit, with an under-current of cynicism, was abhorrent to him. When Disraeli's most pungent sayings were repeated to him he would say, "You call that funny; I call it devilish." Hence comes it that in the great store of Gladstonian legend there is hardly a single funny anecdote. This great man had the sense of humour almost undeveloped. He was often gay, his conversation charmed by its abundance and aptitude of phrase, his store of information was a miracle. You may go through the story of his life at Eton, at Oxford, and in Parliament, you may read all his published speeches, which are good reading, and all his published books, but you will find little to raise a smile. An aptly evasive answer in reply to an awkward question may amuse from time to time, but there is never the suspicion of an epigram or a paradox.

None the less the perusal of many lives of Mr. Gladstone is a process which makes for the raising of the mind. The reader looks as his tastes incline him on the great acts of the great life; but apart from that, he studies a record of which the main parts are distinctly ennobling. In private life Mr. Gladstone was



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HAWARDEN CASTLE: THE FRONT.

Dundee.

with the views which shaped his early political career. They would have been his even if he had not bestowed thought upon them. But he thought earnestly, and put his thoughts into words. "Intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity" was a cruel epigram; but it had its foundation in truth. Even as a boy at Eton the future statesman was remarkable for the magniloquence of his oratory, the involution of his language, and for his wonderful powers of persuasion. Mr. Gladstone could persuade not only others, but also himself. No huge assemblage in Midlothian or at Oxford felt the witchery of his eloquence or was swayed more absolutely by it than he was swayed himself. It is magnificent, this gift of speech; it can hold huge gatherings of men spellbound; it can move them to strange actions, and can give to them such impetus of passion that, when they are once started, no power will stop them. But, if it be the oratory of eloquence and not of mere artistic trickery, if the speaker is himself consumed by the fire with which he speaks, oratory is a dangerous gift, and on the whole it has probably wrought more harm than good since the beginning of the world. Mr. Gladstone was a very good and earnest man, and the greatest orator of his day; he never spoke a word more than he felt, but every word that he spoke made him think the more; and that sometimes is a misfortune.

The wish for personal advancement never moved Mr. Gladstone. He was never accused even in moments of passion of corrupt motive, or of improper advancement of a friend or

simple, unostentatious, unaffected, dignified, and pious. As an industrious student he had, from youth to great old age, no rival, although his books have attained no great reputation. To be candid, they are tolerably learned, but most intolerably dull. He advocated many causes, some of them totally inconsistent one with another, some of them opposed to the convictions of the immense majority of the nation. Thousands of those who now pay reverent honour to his memory never had the opportunity of listening to the spell of his speech. Yet friends and foes loved him, and all have united in paying a tribute to him which has been offered to no other man save Mr. Channing, whom he once followed. Why? Surely because he was a man of crystalline purity of soul, who loved justice and hated iniquity. Whether he was always wise in his views of justice, whether his hatred of iniquity did not lead him sometimes into excess of dangerous invective, there may be room for doubt. But there is, we think, no question that from the moment when he began his agitation about the Neapolitan prisoners, the hatred of iniquity was the ruling passion of his life. Against that which he believed, rightly or wrongly, to be iniquitous, he would launch himself with all his force, regardless of consequences, reckless of the odds against him. An abiding love for the human race, a passionate hatred of oppression, guided him through all his long life; and the manner of his death was an example to Christian men. In all the roll of the notables of the century, Gladstone's will be the most prominent and picturesque figure for all time.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

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THE heart of the country has been fixed of late upon Hawarden Castle and upon the memory of the illustrious man who died there last week and lay there until Wednesday evening last. It may not be amiss to note in these columns that the surroundings of the castle are of exceptional beauty. The park, with its bold undulations and its magnificent trees, now in all the fresh verdure of spring, is inexpressibly charming. The horse-chestnut trees in particular are in full splendour, and the white spikes of fragrant blossom rise from a sea of vivid green. Perhaps the most beautiful group of trees in the whole vicinity is a clump of limes immediately adjacent to the "Temple of Peace" in which the reverent villagers looked their last upon him who was for them a genial country Squire rather than a politician, a maker of gay and fascinating speeches rather than a master of oratory who swayed the destinies of nations. Immediately under these limes, which are tall and graceful beyond compare, is a little octagonal excrecence from

the main building. In it are contained the carefully-arranged documents of a man who, through the whole of his long life, never destroyed or mislaid an interesting paper.

That a biography will be founded on those papers there is not the slightest doubt; but concerning the choice of the biographer there is infinite room for speculation. The truth is that the matter is not entirely one of selection. If it were, the choice would fall at once on Mr. John Morley. But that octagonal chamber contains such a mass of material as a man devoting his whole attention to it could hardly digest. It scarcely seems likely that Mr. Morley can find the time which will be necessary for the production of the most important biography of modern times. For Mr. Morley is immersed in politics, and that, without disparagement of his views, we take to be a pity. It were quite easy to find men of like opinions to shine in Parliament not less brightly than Mr. Morley. But nobody knows where to look for a man who would write Mr. Gladstone's life half as well. Failing him the task will probably fall into the hands of one of Mr. Gladstone's family.

At Hawarden simplicity was the note of Mr. Gladstone's character. His clothes, for country wear at any rate, were made in the village; so were his boots, and he has been known to walk away home with a parcel of cobbled boots under his arm. His coffin, of plain oak with a raised cross upon the lid, was made there also by the village carpenter. The Squire whom the villagers mourn was their familiar and unaffected friend, the man who moved among them without a particle of ostentation, the man to whose voice they listened every Sunday in the House of God. Even those speeches in the parlour of the Glynn Arms which the world used to take too seriously were, the villagers say, delivered with such an air of gay merriment as never failed to charm. Those friends and neighbours of Mr. Gladstone are, therefore, not free from a feeling of resentment in that he, who was so completely theirs in his hours of ease, is taken away from them after death. The feeling is natural, but in the national interest it was necessary that it should be disregarded.

Within sight of the octagonal chamber before-mentioned, and close to the door at which enquiries were made during the progress of Mr. Gladstone's illness, stands, probably by mere accident, a relic of old time which is of interest to readers of COUNTRY LIFE. As the hall is adorned with many fine heads of red deer, as the leafy trees of the park are a paradise of birds, so the park has, no doubt, been carefully preserved for many years. It was preserved in old times by the rough methods which belonged to that age, and the engine of game-preservation which lies near the door is significant of those methods. It is a full-sized man-trap, with a strong spring like that of a rabbit-trap, and with teeth about two inches long. We complain in these humanitarian days of the use of similar devices for brute beasts; but think for a moment of the sufferings of a sentient man entangled suddenly, in the darkness and in the middle of a wood, in a cruel engine of this kind.

Our attention has been called to an article in the *Justice of the Peace* concerning that "one courageous publican" who has intimated that he will no longer receive as guests in his coffee-room ladies attired in "rational dress." The article implies that the rule made by this Puritan Boniface may be defensible at law. We are no admirers of what is called rational dress, which is never becoming, but the line of argument pursued by the *Justice of the Peace* is far from water-tight. It is quite true that a chimney sweep in working dress, and a person accompanied by a ferocious dog, have had hospitality denied to them, and that the denial has been endorsed by the Courts. But that was because the chimney sweep was sooty, and his soot came off, and because the big dog frightened folks. About a lady in "rational dress" there is, so far as we are aware, nothing of the kind. The dress does not, like soot, come off; it does not terrify. But we confess that there is no other kind of dress less attractive.

The Antarctic exploring expedition anticipates difficulty in collecting a proper supply of dogs for sledge journeys into the interior, not because dogs are scarce, but because all the trained animals have to be brought from the cold regions of the North across the tropics. The best Esquimaux or Ostiak dogs cannot stand the heat when crossing the tropics; either their livers become enlarged, or their whole constitution is affected, and they become useless. But the organisers of the expedition have had a happy thought which promises to overcome this difficulty. Tasmania is the rendezvous and starting point, and there the dogs will be finally collected for the voyage. There is a large trade with Tasmania in fruit, butter, and other goods which are kept in cold chambers, and the ships calling there are well equipped with cold storage. This is to be used to maintain a "cold climate" for the dogs while in the tropics. They will be "refrigerated" all the way, and it is hoped will cross the line and arrive in Tasmania much braced by their journey.

"Side shoots" are a form of sport to which the decrease in animal life in some parts of America is attributed. We are glad to see the practice is heartily condemned by the correspondents of the New York Zoological Society, but we own to have been a little puzzled as to its exact nature. It goes "one better" than any instance of the taste for killing attributed to the Anglo-Saxon by the censorious foreigner. Two parties, or two individuals, make "sides," and shoot against each other all day. Everything counts, from a wren to a deer. It is not stated how many points are credited for the latter as against the former; but it is easy to see that this kind of amusement would rather thin off what the natural history books call "our native songsters."

"The coldest May on record" is the verdict of more than one weather observer in more than one part of the country, a rider being added, by one resident in the Midlands, to the effect that it has blown from the east ever since the 20th of February. This, with the necessary allowance made for the exigencies of such a general statement, is no doubt practically accurate, and one effect of this perpetual pointing of the weather-cock to one quarter of the compass is that many things in the garden, and notably carnations of the more precious and delicate kinds, have suffered terribly. It is enough to make one give up the attempt to grow any but the more common and hardy kinds of these beautiful plants, unless one has an unlimited range of glass at command.

The weather has been just about as bad as it could be for the newly hatched out pheasants—both cold and wet. It teaches its lessons, nevertheless, showing the value of sheltered, quickly drying and draining nesting places, where light soil and a good slope allow the water to run away, where the drying air may come to them, and yet where they are sheltered from the north and east. These precautions are of the very grammar of pheasant rearing, but the need of attending to them is emphasised in a bad time such as we have suffered.

Partridges in Norfolk are said to be very numerous this year. As many pairs are on the ground as in the spring of 1896, the record year. Pheasant prospects are not improved by the cold and wet of May. Much ground which has been abandoned as corn-land will again be brought into cultivation this year, owing to the rise in the price of wheat. Where this abandonment has been partial, partridges have entirely left the new grass-lands, and where bags of twenty or thirty brace were easily made, nothing but a few old pairs survive. This ground will probably be restocked as rapidly as it is brought under the plough. In parts of Middlesex where the grass has entirely superseded corn over very large areas, partridges have accommodated themselves to their new surroundings—perhaps because there was no corn-land near to retire to. Bags of forty brace were last year killed wholly on grass pastures.

It is very pitiable to read of the destruction, especially at this sacred season of its nesting, of that rare and beautiful bird the osprey, satisfactory though it is to see the storm of indignation excited by such villainy; but there is one aspect of it all that is full of comfort—it seems to show that the numbers of the bird are on the increase. Three instances, at least, we know of the killing of this bird this year. It is good to know that so many chances, even if so ruthlessly accepted, have been given. For the few birds that have been killed we may surely write down a very large number that have escaped destruction. Meanwhile it is much to be regretted that the Wild Birds' Preservation Act remains so much of a dead letter. Prosecutions under its provisions are most rare, while offences against it are committed in every hedgerow. No one thinks it worth the trouble, and the prospective expense, of prosecuting. So nothing is done. There is a pleasant suggestion in one of the papers that these osprey-slayers should be haunted, like the Ancient Mariner, by their victims. It is to be feared though that the men who would do this thing are too hardened of conscience and heart for any such "suggestion" to have a hold on them.

Unless a vast improvement is soon made in Cowes Harbour it must inevitably lose favour as a yachting port, for of late years it has been allowed to get so silted up with mud and sand that inside the harbour there is very little room indeed for even a moderate-sized yacht to lay afloat, while during regatta time the internal space is uncomfortably overcrowded with small craft. The roads, on the other hand, are very open and exposed, especially to westerly and north-easterly winds, which knock up a nasty sea, particularly when they encounter an adverse tide. Consequently, small vessels anchored in the roads often have a rough time of it, while the boats of big yachts frequently have the greatest difficulty to get to and from the shore in rough weather, and many disagreeable and wet passages are therefore made. The tide, moreover, runs like a mill race across the mouth of the port when at its full strength, and we have often seen rowing boats rendered quite unmanageable by its influence. If the harbour was properly dredged inside a great deal more

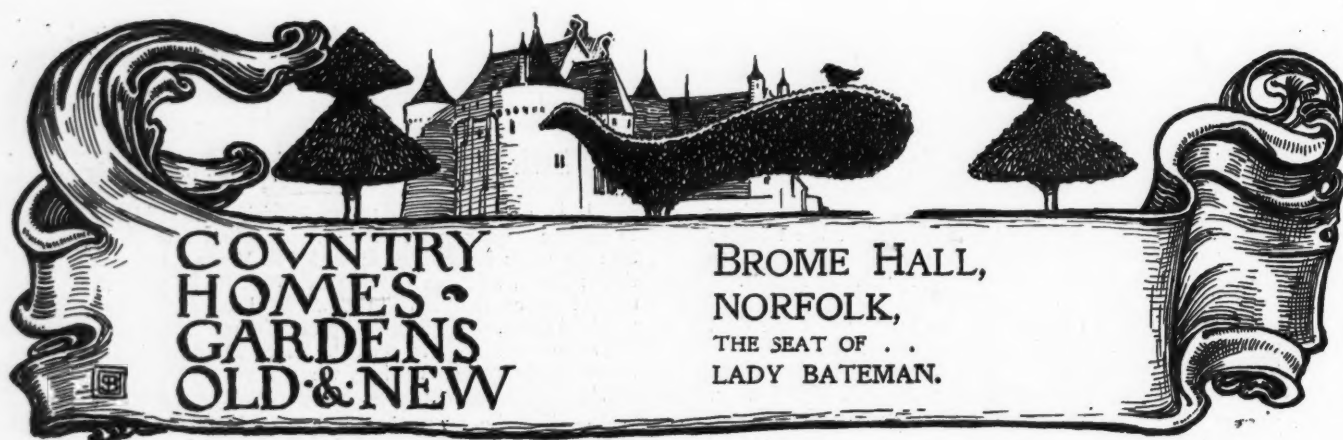
space could be found for small and even moderate-sized craft, while the big steam yachts, which in any case would be compelled to bring up in the roads, would have their steam launches to depend upon for bringing supplies, etc., from the land. At one time Cowes Harbour was under the control of Newport; at the end of last year, however, a new Harbour Board was established, and it is to be hoped that it will soon justify its existence.

It is a great pity that more British yachts did not proceed to Lisbon to take part in the regatta that was held there last Sunday week in connection with the Vasco da Gama celebrations; for in addition to a valuable challenge cup which was offered for competition in the principal race, the winning yacht received £200, while a second prize of £100 was also to be given if four or more yachts started. Lord Dunraven's *Cariad* was the only English competitor, while her sole rival was the King of Portugal's *Lia*, *née* *Mida*, a Clyde-built schooner. The start was delayed for some little time owing to a mark-boat having broken adrift; when this was put right both vessels crossed the line within a few seconds of one another, with *Lia* to windward of her antagonist. The yachts had only proceeded a short distance when *Lia*'s fore-topmast carried away; this greatly handicapped the Portuguese boat, but she was sailed on most pluckily, and her crew cleared away and repaired the damage as quickly as possible. At the conclusion of the second round the race was stopped, and *Cariad* was declared winner.

It is to be presumed that the American nation knows what it is going to do with the army of "homing" pigeons, ten thousand in number, that its Government is said to have enlisted for the use of the fleet; but in view of the ignorance, on which we commented at the time in these columns, shown by our own people in general on the subject of "homing" pigeons at the date of Herr Andrée's starting with a few of them in his balloon, the better knowledge of the American people is not to be taken altogether for granted. There is an idea among the uninstructed that you only have to catch a pigeon of the carrier or "homing" breed, take it as far as you like, let it go, and that it will at once fly home again. There could not be a more complete misunderstanding. The pigeon is trained for its voyages, in knowledge of successive landmarks, by habituating it to journeys of constantly-increasing length over the same line of country until the limit is reached from which it is proposed to fly it. Without this training, no pigeon man would ever expect to find a pigeon make its way home.

From this consideration it will appear that the pigeon is not a wholly satisfactory messenger over an unknown sea, where it is almost a "bull" to say that there are no "landmarks." But the pigeons, it may be said, will fly to the nearest land, and thence the news may be telegraphed, or otherwise conveyed, to centres of communication. That is quite true, but it is also true that it is too much to expect of the most patriotic American pigeon that it shall distinguish that great continent from the adjacent West Indian Islands. The pigeon, in the lack of familiar landmarks, is likely to fly to the nearest visible point of land, and that point of land, by the circumstances of this case and of this war, seems considerably more likely to be Spanish than to be American; and the news that the American pigeon may be carrying, destined for those at home, may prove a valuable assistance to the counsels of the enemy. We may, perhaps, trust the Americans to know what they are doing better than to suppose that they will scatter such precise news of their fleet and its doings broadcast; and perhaps the "homing" pigeon regiment, if such an one has ever been raised at all, will be more usefully employed on the mess-tables of the gun-rooms and ward-rooms of the ships than in flying from them at large with information that they would do much better to keep to themselves.

There is one little bit of Nature's scene-painting that scarcely seems to meet with its due appreciation, and that is the appearance of primroses amongst the dead bracken. It is a very beautiful combination of colours in modest tones, and it is a wonder that it has escaped the notice of the painters of those subjects so long as it has. Mr. Parsons would make something very beautiful of it, and there has been no year for a long while in which it could be studied in such perfection. The profusion of primroses is wonderful, and scarcely less abundant is the spread of wild hyacinth bloom in the woods. Of all the harmonies in wild flowers that Nature loves to produce, the most beautiful and gorgeous that is known to the writer is composed of those flaming wild poppies that grow up the sides of the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, relieved by the tender—almost plumbago-hued blue—of the *nemophylla*. The whole composition gives a suggestion of flame and smoke on the mountain-side that is as impressive as it is lovely; but one must go to California to see such semi-tropical glories as this. At home there are natural combinations no less beautiful, but the colour-note is not so highly pitched. This year the primroses are not only exceptionally many, but are lasting longer than usual.



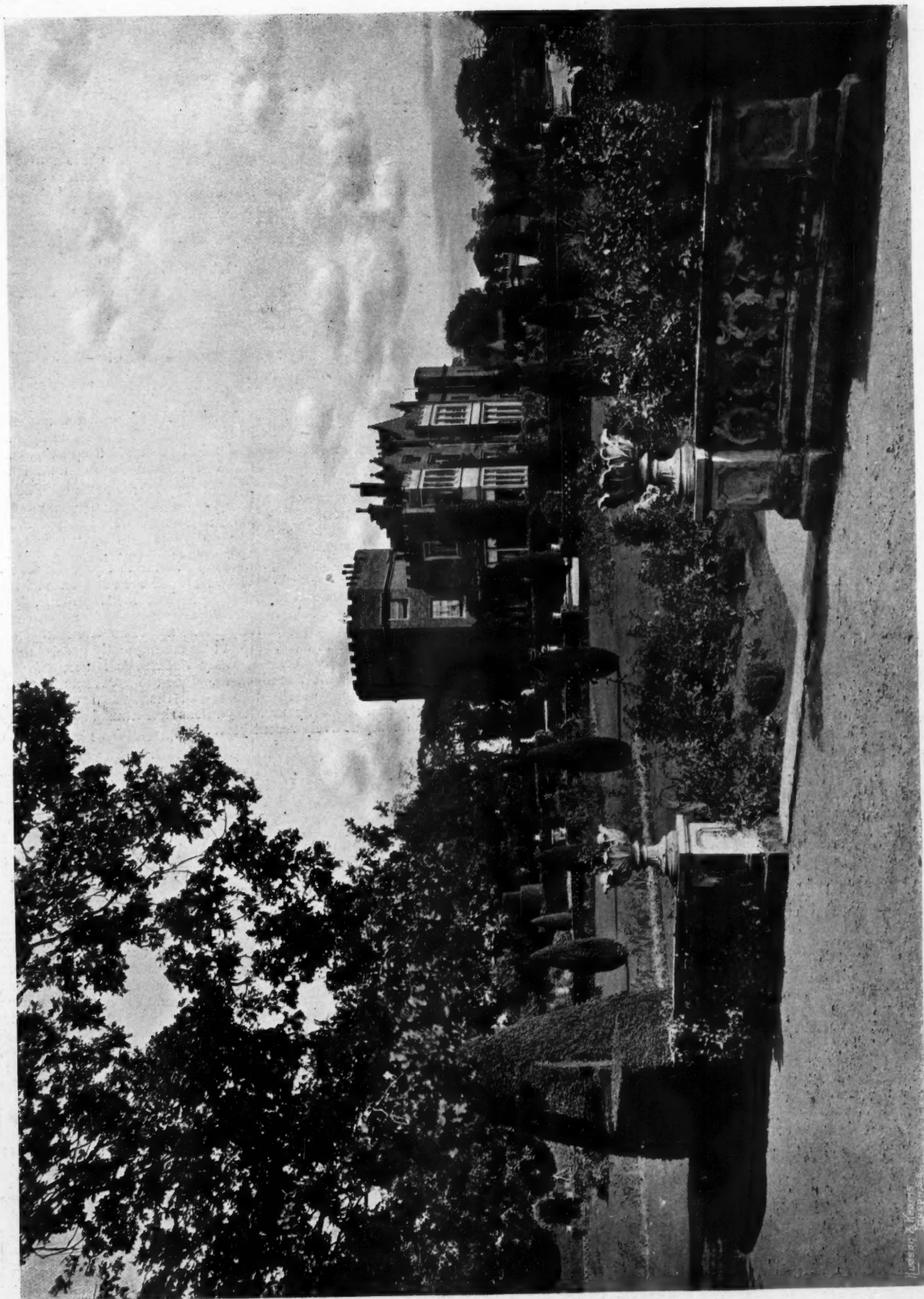
THE counties of Norfolk and Suffolk are rich in country seats and fine estates, of which several have been described in these pages already. Brome Hall is one of them, with famous Helmingham for its neighbour, both of them lying near the old high road from Ipswich to Norwich. It is a beautiful house, embodying an interesting remain of its predecessor, and has surroundings of fine and attractive character. Upon the gardens very great care has been bestowed, and they will be found extremely interesting by all to whom formal arrangements appeal. We shall presently survey their special features, and for the moment it is enough to note—what the illustrations reveal—that their characteristic charm is in wonderful clipped yews, some in the form of arches, others columnar, round, or cut into quaint shapes, without any approach to the merely fantastic. It is when quaintness develops into monstrosity, such as was satirised by Pope, that it becomes ridiculous. Brome is free from any such imputation, though cut trees are a prevailing feature of the design. Even in the flower garden itself we find the clipped yew and box in curious patterns.

One of our illustrations pictures the beautiful scene presented by the long walk, where there is equal variety and charm. There are the strangely picturesque arched yews in the back-

ground, and the same sombre tree in cylindrical form. The lover of beautiful gardens and country life will find much to delight him at every season at Brome, whether he wander where the beds are glowing richly with colour, or through the woodland in which the house is embosomed, with melody for his companion, or return again to the lake to see the water-lilies that cover the shimmering water on some still summer evening, or to listen when the cuckoo shouts from the thicket, or the nightingale sings from the top of his tree.

But it is now time to say something about Brome Hall itself. It was long the seat of the Cornwallis family, and the cradle of the race which gave to the country many public servants, and among them the famous Marquis Cornwallis and the Admiral who shared with Nelson in the final compression of the French. Philippa, the daughter of Robert Bucktow, Lord of Brome, married, early in the fifteenth century, John Cornwallis, son of Thomas Cornwallis, merchant of London, and for about four centuries his descendants were settled at Brome, being honoured with the titles of Baron Cornwallis, Viscount Brome, and Earl and Marquis Cornwallis. Sir John Cornwallis, who died in 1544—and whose effigy in armour, with steward's staff, may be seen in the old flint church of the





GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—BROME HALL FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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village -- was knighted by Henry VIII. for his bravery at the siege of Morlaix, and became steward of the household to Prince Edward. Other descendants of the family rendered much service to the State, but the Marquis Cornwallis is the best known of his family in the pages of history.

The house itself is picturesque and good, though modern, and preserving only a fragment of the older mansion, which seems to have been built by Sir Thomas Cornwallis, who died in 1590. Brome has the picturesque attraction of enriched gables and embattlements, good windows, and boldly massed features, but it does not rival some of the great architectural treasures of East Anglia. Its rooms are lofty and spacious, marked by the evidence of taste and judgment, and with many precious possessions within their walls. The chapel, too, is good, with some fine carving, and the adornments of the house are all very beautiful.

But to many the surroundings of the Hall may seem more attractive than itself, for here are all the marks of an ancient domain, which has been treasured by successive possessors. It is approached by a magnificent avenue of oaks, kingly trees of vigorous growth, sturdy strength, and noble aspect. Beautiful as are avenues of chestnut or elm, it must be confessed that nothing looks so impressive as an ancient avenue of oaks. These are giants that have weathered many a mighty storm sweeping across that open land, but vicissitudes of seasons and advancing age have left them unshorn of their lofty tops, and still stretching out their splendid branches over the grateful turf. Washington Irving remarked that what he most liked in English gentlemen was their enthusiastic love of trees. Happy are those oaken avenues that have been spared the axe. Many have fallen with falling fortunes, but that at Brome remains to delight us with its spreading growth of green. In older days men looked with keener interest upon the oak than we. Out of their sturdy trunks were built the wooden walls of the land, those floating



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THE TERRACE WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

walls which kept us free. As time passed on, often necessity, sometimes patriotism, laid low the mightier oaks, and public anxiety grew lest the supply should be exhausted and we should have oaken walls no more; and so we come to understand how old Admiral Collingwood went for his country rambles with his pockets filled with acorns, which he dropped into the hedgerows as he went along.

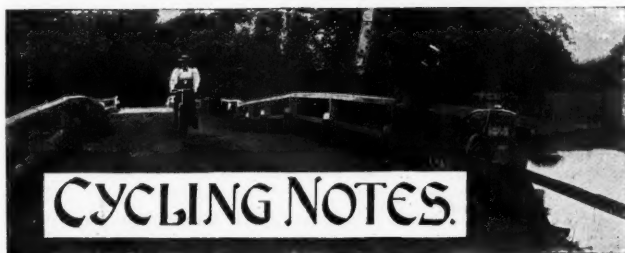
These thoughts are called up by the aspect of the grand avenue at Brome. The whole country, however, is well timbered with some old woodland, and many plantations, and the park is extensive, with fine groups of trees, broad open stretches of turf, and coverts well stocked with game. The flower gardens, which must be described in another article, are about ten acres in extent, and are comparatively modern. The Cornwallis title became extinct in 1823, and Brome subsequently passed to Sir Edward Clarence Kerrison, Lady Bateman's father, who died in 1886. In his lifetime much was done to improve and beautify the surroundings of the house, and the special character of variety and formality in the gardens has thus been imparted within comparatively recent years.



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WHERE THE WATER-LILIES GROW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



TWO recent police prosecutions in which cyclists figured are worthy of note. In the one case a Preston cyclist was fined 5s. and costs for furiously riding a bicycle in that town. The chairman of the Bench remarked that—and he said he believed he was expressing the views of the other magistrates—it would be a wise thing if something could be done to put a stop altogether to riding down the principal thoroughfares, and especially on Saturday morning. The chief constable informed the Bench that the suggestion could not be carried out, as bicycles were carriages within the meaning of the Highway Act. It really is extraordinary that the chairman of a Bench in a town of the size of Preston should at this period be so ill-versed in the provisions of the two Acts which, above all others, a magistrate should be expected to have mastered, namely, the Local Government Act of 1888 and the Highway Act of 1835. The former states as definitely as could possibly be in the famous section 85 that a bicycle is a vehicle, and that all the references to vehicles in the Highway Act should thenceforth be taken to include every type of cycle. For nearly ten years has the cyclists' Magna Charta, as the Local Government Act has rightly been termed, been in active force, and it is as deplorable as it is unaccountable that even a single Justice of the Peace should be unaware of its provisions, and be subjected to instruction from his own chief constable.

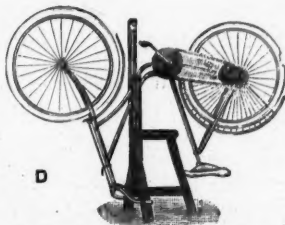
In the other case a curious exhibition was afforded, not of magisterial incompetence, but constabulary assumption. Two cyclists nearly overturned each other recently at Bexley, and the incident was made the subject of a complaint by one against the other before the Rye County Bench. The exact merits of the case between the two it is not necessary to enter upon here, as it was a purely personal dispute, in which one rider, a St. Leonards surgeon, was to blame for getting in the way of the other, a Sussex magistrate. Incidentally, however, a policeman who gave evidence in the case made a most extraordinary statement. He informed the Bench that "he could tell the rate a bicycle had gone along by the wheel mark." Of all the absurdities that have been perpetrated in the name of the police since cycling first came into vogue, I think this surely caps the record. Whether the poor man meant to infer that he could fathom the depth of the imprint in the same manner as the untutored Indian interprets a trail on the prairies, or whether he indulged in a fond fancy that the amount of deviation from the straight line was an indication of the rate of travel, it is impossible to say; but any practical cyclist could quickly undeceive him as to the utter impossibility of drawing any scientific deductions from such a basis.

It is a pleasure to turn from these unpleasant incidents to a case of a different character at Pontefract. A Wakefield doctor was cycling with some friends along the highway at Hemsworth, when he met a contractor driving his horse and trap. The latter was on the wrong side of the road, and although the doctor rang his bell several times the contractor would not let them pass. The contractor did not appear when the case was brought before the court. The chairman of the Bench said it seemed to be becoming a common practice for drivers to annoy cyclists, as he had found from his own personal experience. He thanked the prosecutors for bringing the case into court, and said that the defendant would have to pay a fine and costs, amounting to £1 7s. 6d., or go to prison for fourteen days. A welcome contrast, this, to the Preston case above referred to.

LUCAS'S BICYCLE HOLDER
THE "WHITAKER"



any part of the stand, and will also hold the main tubes of the frame in such a way that injury of the enamel is impossible. I have tried many stands, but I know nothing better than the Whitaker, which is illustrated herewith. It is as simple as it is effective. The weight of the machine, as will readily be seen, is supported in the main by the horizontal arm over the trestle. The lower main tube passes between the two vertical laths, and the upper main tube rests on a swivel block at the top of the taller upright. This block is free to move up and down, so as to accommodate itself to all heights of frames, and can also be adjusted at any angle. The two uprights are connected by a bolt with a winged head, and may be adjusted within a sufficient range to adapt themselves to any recognised diameter of tubing. The trestle, the inside of each lath, and the movable block at the head are all baize-lined, so that scratching of the enamel is out of the question. The stand will either take a diamond frame or a lady's safety, and either of these can be supported in the ordinary position or upside down. Such a stand reduces the cleaning process to as simple a state as is humanly possible, and it is, of course, equally effective—nay, perhaps even more so, a boon—when repairing operations have to be performed rather than mere



HOLDS BICYCLE IN THE ORDINARY
POSITION OR UPSIDE DOWN.

cleaning. No one, for instance, who has to wrestle with the task of detaching and replacing a metal gear-case of the detachable type will fail to appreciate the possession of a stand which brings the chain line on a level with his hands when the machine is reversed in the position shown herewith.

That an experienced rider should venture out on a new machine without a most rigorous examination of all its details is difficult to credit. Yet a New York rider has paid the fatal penalty of his carelessness in this respect. He was a prominent member of a Brooklyn club, and but twenty years of age. The other day he started out with his father, a well-known engineer, both being mounted on new chainless machines. They started at nine in the morning, but at two in the afternoon the son was seen to be in trouble with his machine. Before his father could reach him he pitched heavily over the handle-bar, landing on his head and right side in the road. He was carried on to the pavement, where he was able to explain that the handle-bar became loosened and he lost control of the machine. Though removed in a carriage to his home, he died the same evening in great agony from concussion of the brain. The case shows that the most deadly of dangers are those which seem to threaten least. Had the handle-bar been very loose to start with, the fact would have been discovered within a few yards from the rider's door; presumably, however, it was fairly tight, and he rode for five hours before, probably owing to an extra rate of speed or sudden wrench, it turned within its socket, with the result described.

The case recalls to my mind the experience—less serious, but disquieting—of a friend of mine in Richmond Park. While riding at a moderate speed his handle-bar came clean out of the steering column, and as he could not control the machine, he was thrown to the ground, his face and all one side of his body being badly scraped by the gravel.

Provided the rate of speed is not too great at the moment of such a *contretemps*, there is a loophole of escape of which a skilled rider may avail himself, and I give the tip as an off chance. Assuming that the rider is not thrown immediately the handle-bar becomes loose, and simply finds himself on a machine without a means of guiding it, he may stoop down quickly until his hands meet the fork-crown, and he can control the steering by gripping the blades until such time as he can bring the machine to a standstill. This is a matter of degree, of course, and in some cases the feat is quite impracticable, but it is just as certainly feasible at times; and in cases where the danger is not so much one of being dashed to the ground, but of running into another vehicle, it is a highly useful thing to know, and may just save the situation.

THE PILGRIM.

Cherry Trees in Bloom.



THE time of cherry flowering heralds the approach of summer—a time when many trees and shrubs are hidden beneath drifts of blossom. The accompanying illustration shows a splendid old cherry tree in the fulness of its flowering, and we learn a lesson from it too—that the fruit trees of the orchard are as beautiful as the trees and shrubs from other lands.

The cherries form an exquisite race, hardy, picturesque in growth, with clouds of blossom in May, when everything that has life is bursting into leaf or flower. The most beautiful kinds for planting near the house, that is upon the lawn or by some pleasant walk, are the double-flowered cherries, which are more lasting than the frail petals of the single forms. The Chinese *Cerasus serrulata*, or *C. Sieboldi* as it is also called, is probably the most charming spring-flowering tree in existence.

That is saying much, but no one can dispute such an assertion when every twig of a large tree is wreathed with pink-tinted rosettes. Waterer's double cherry is another beautiful variety with rose shaded flowers, and one must not forget the St. Julian's cherry or the double varieties of the common kind, every branch in truth a snow wreath, spotless flowers hiding twig and stem. No garden should be without the double white cherry; and the shoots of flowers when cut for the house last many days, forming an unusual and charmingly bold decoration.

There are several well-known single cherries, though as garden trees less valuable than the double kinds. The Nahaleb cherry and its weeping form (pendula) need no praise from this writer, because everyone who cares for gardening should possess

them, but the All Saints' cherry is less familiar, although a graceful tree, flowering more or less from spring until autumn.

A distinct group is formed by the bird cherries, and the common *Cerasus Padus* perfumes many a woodland with its powerfully-scented flowers in late spring, but it is too vigorous for lawns or shrubberies. The North American kinds, *C. serotina* and *virginiana*, are handsomer, the flower clusters longer and bolder, especially those of *serotina*.

We wish flower gardeners would seek out the most beautiful families of plants and grow them well. If our ordinary cherry is precious, as our illustration shows, other cherries, as we have pointed out, possess unusual beauty unfortunately not seen in many large gardens.



"A Runaway Girl."

THERE is no doubt about it, "A Runaway Girl" is by far the most beautiful and tasteful of all Mr. George Edwardes' "Girls." It is not the most lively, because nothing could be merrier than some of its predecessors, but it is chock full of fun for all that, and, for the most part, the fun is on a distinctly higher plane than we have been accustomed to at the Gaiety. More than this, there is an air of romance, of delicate poetry, hovering over the whole thing, which marks a new era for Gaiety musical plays. While on this subject of romance, let me beg that bright and clever young hero, Mr. Louis Bradfield, always to keep in the picture, to retain that air of earnestness he wore on Saturday night; he can have all the fun he wants at intervals, but in his scenes with sweet Ellaline Terriss we want him to be the lover. The contrast with the rest is the better for him.

"A Runaway Girl" is at once the prettiest and most gorgeous piece of its kind I have witnessed. The first scene, a wood, with the young ladies from the convent revelling in their temporary freedom, and enjoying the secret cigarette, is charming; the second scene, a street in Ajaccio, is splendid; and the scene of the second act, Venice, is magnificent, with a background of blue sky, the canal with gorgeous, many-coloured boats, the banners, the twinkling lights of the palaces illuminated in the distance, the lovely dresses of the gay crowds revelling in the water fête, the merry-makers all arriving in gondolas, and alighting amid the scene of festivities on the stage—the spectacle is enchanting, and over all is the spell of sweet music.

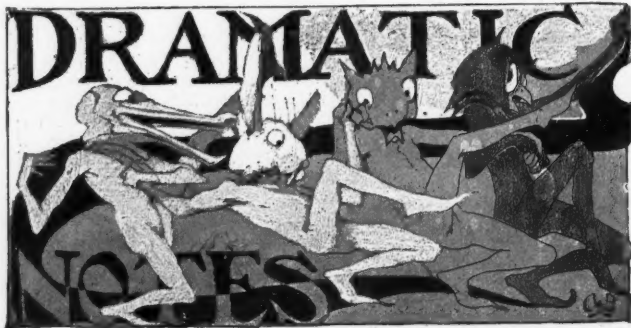
I am not going to tell you the story, brightly related by Mr. Seymour Hicks and Mr. Harry Nicholls, though it is of more intrinsic interest than usual. Rather do you want to learn of the opportunities of song and dance and fun provided for the wonderful company taking part in the new Gaiety play. Though the lyrics of Mr. Aubrey Hopwood and Mr. Harry Greenbank are not so brightly written as some we have heard at the Gaiety, their rhyme and rhythm are perfect, and they are smooth and grammatical—which is much. There is a new spirit in the new piece, because there is a fine baritone part, finely sung by Mr. John Coates, who has a beautiful song, with the vocal accompaniment of his fellow minstrels and of mandolines and guitars, "My Kingdom," and another, full of spirit and vigour, "Comrades All." Miss Ellaline Terriss has several songs, one or two of which are bound to "take the town"—"The Boy Guessed Right," a pretty and merry little chanson; a delicious crooning, dreamy air, with a hidden chorus, "Beautiful Venice," sung amid as romantic a picture (soft moonlight shining on the water, twinkling lights in the distance, drowsy peasants here and there)—a delightful number; a dainty solo, "The Singing Girl"; a pretty duet with Mr. Bradfield, "There's no one in the world"—a charming budget for a charming little lady, who has never appeared more dainty or more alluring.

Mr. Edmund Payne and Miss Katie Seymour are also well provided for; their nigger duet, when, with blackened faces, they appear as little piccaninnies, their "Courier" song, with its typical choruses from abroad, were among the hits of the evening.

Mr. Payne has, in addition, two or three capital solos, and the rollicking fun and business of "Follow the Man from Cook's" is one of the liveliest things of the evening. Mr. Bradfield, pleasing and hearty as ever, sings his share with infinite zest. Miss Ethel Haydon has not nearly enough to do or sing; we had to wait far too long for her "Soldiers in the Park," a song and chorus with a fine swing, sung with Miss Haydon's well-known charm and vocal skill. Miss Connie Ediss has a clever ditty, "Society," and Mr. Fred Wright a marvellous eccentric dance. Mr. Caryl's score throughout is melodious, graceful, musicianly, and his choruses and finales are among the best he has ever written. The added numbers of Mr. Lionel Monckton, too, are in his "tuniest" vein.

Graceful and lively dances, charming stage pictures, lovely dresses, an unequalled company, which includes Mr. Harry Monkhouse—a little too Cockney—Mr. Kaye, Mr. Robert Nainby, Mr. Lawrance D'Orsay, Mr. Fritz Rimma, Mr. Edward O'Neill, and Mr. Willie Ward, who contributes another of his little gems of characterisation, always the most purely artistic things in a Gaiety piece, an interesting plot, a sense of poetry and beauty and perfect taste governing everything, make "A Runaway Girl" in many respects far beyond anything we have yet seen at the Gaiety. Eye and ear are delighted all the while, and even the understanding has this time not been unduly forgotten.

B. L.



AFTER delighting London in parts which, though of great importance, were yet secondary parts—generally the confidante of the heroine, the light-heart to the tragedy queen, the Hero to the Beatrice—Miss Fay Davis, in the new play at the St. James's Theatre, takes her place as leading lady of the theatre. Miss Davis will be the heroine of "The Ambassador," the new play by "John Oliver Hobbes" (Mrs. Craigie), so shortly to succeed "The Conquerors."

Miss Davis, an American actress, first came into favourable notice under the management of Mr. George Alexander for her pretty Celia in "As You Like It," but it was in Mr. Pinero's work, "The Princess and the Butterfly," that she first heard the hand of Fame knocking at her door. As the Italian girl in this piece, Miss Davis, by the truth and naturalness of her pathos, and the unforced merriment of her humour, stepped all at once into the ranks of our foremost actresses. In the new play she will portray a young girl of eighteen, who is wooed and won by the middle-aged hero, the Ambassador of forty-five. The authoress describes the character as "a young girl of ideals," and this brings to the imagination exactly such a blossom of womanhood as Miss Fay Davis should be able to represent.

When you go to the St. James's on the *premiere* of the new play you will find nothing in it that is lurid or disagreeable. On the contrary, all is sunshine and prettiness. There is sentiment in plenty. The spirit of love is over all; each character is beneath its spell. It attacks them all differently; each temperament in falling beneath its influence gives forth a different emotion under its sway. In the end, Love puts everything right, and, in the words of the authoress, proves its "supreme power" over men and women and events.

It is not at all unlikely that we shall see Mr. Louis N. Parker's adaptation from the French of "*Le Chemineau*," to which he has given the pretty title of "*Ragged Robin*," at Her Majesty's Theatre this season, before Mr. Tree goes on his autumn tour. In this the manager will give us another ambitious production, though, naturally, the effects will be entirely different from those which have made his revival of "*Julius Caesar*" so famous. "*Ragged Robin*" is a pastoral play, and we shall have not the clash and clamour of armed men, but the hush and glamour of the corn-fields; not the schemes and intrigues and blood-stained politics of an Imperial city, but the love that loves and rides away, the lights and shades of the rustic village. In gentle Dorsetshire we follow the fortunes of *Ragged Robin* and his lass; *Robin*, the tramp, the vagabond, not quite a *Gringoire*, a lustier creature, and yet with many of his attributes, a strolling poet, his mind soaring beyond the confines of the hills and dales. It is a very beautiful series of pictures, forming the background of a poetic and pathetic story, which we shall shortly see at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Mr. Owen Hall, the author of "*The Geisha*" and the new piece which is shortly to succeed it at Daly's Theatre, is interviewed in one journal, and says that he has educated the public up to an appreciation of high-class musical plays in place of the variety entertainments which obtain elsewhere, adding that he has schooled the artists who interpret his works to the standard necessary to do them full justice—or words to that effect. Mr. George Edwardes, the manager, the "inspirer" of "*The Geisha*" and the new piece which is to succeed it at Daly's Theatre, follows immediately in another journal with an interview in which he says that he does not believe in any such fad as "educating the public," and that he considers his artists worthy of the best work he can find



A. Ellis,

MISS FAY DAVIS.

Upper Baker St.

Hope have dramatised the sequel of Mr. Hope's novel, "*The Prisoner of Zenda*," called "*Rupert of Hentzau*." It would be a strange experience if this play were done elsewhere than at the St. James's, and we should like to see the same actors and actresses in it that interpreted the former play, for they are indelibly impressed on our memory in the guise of the people of Mr. Hope's imagination. In every way it opens up a new vista of dramatic enterprise.

them to do. It is, in fact, a pretty flat contradiction of his author's pretensions; and those who know the true inwardness of things think that Mr. Edwardes' remarks are much nearer the mark than Mr. Owen Hall's. The brilliant company of players which Mr. Edwardes has gathered at Daly's Theatre is not to be surpassed at any playhouse in the world devoted to light music, and they are fully capable of interpreting the very best work with which any author could provide them.

Mr. Tree is the most ambitious and indefatigable of men. No sooner is one great production in full working order than he is fretting to begin something else. Considerations of a pecuniary nature enter less into his calculations than considerations of other kinds. It is only because of the most strenuous exertions of his advisers that he allows any play to enjoy as long a life as its popularity will admit. He would have withdrawn "*Julius Caesar*" long ago in order that he might "get under weigh" with "*Ragged Robin*" while the former was in the flood tide of its success. It was only the prestige attached to a long run for a Shakespearian revival which stayed his hand. And no sooner is "*Ragged Robin*" produced than he will begin to think out the various opportunities afforded him by "*The Three Musketeers*." He is one of the least mercenary of men; and, were it not for the business-like common-sense of those around him, who understand that even a Temple of Art must be run on commercial principles, he would—as long as he could—conduct Her Majesty's on the lines of a subventioned house, where nothing has to be taken into account except Art. As it is, Art and Commerce have run hand-in-hand at Her Majesty's, for it has been one of the most remunerative, as it has been one of the most artistic, ventures of the last few years.

It is very interesting to learn that Messrs. Edward Rose and Anthony Hope have dramatised the sequel of Mr. Hope's novel, "*The Prisoner of Zenda*," called "*Rupert of Hentzau*." It would be a strange experience if this play were done elsewhere than at the St. James's, and we should like to see the same actors and actresses in it that interpreted the former play, for they are indelibly impressed on our memory in the guise of the people of Mr. Hope's imagination. In every way it opens up a new vista of dramatic enterprise.

The Meet of the Coaching Club.

THE weather on the occasion of the meet of the Coaching Club in Hyde Park on Saturday last was none too favourable, so that it is hardly to be wondered at that

the meet was not the most brilliant which the junior of the two driving clubs has held of late years. There was, however, a large gathering of the public along the rails which line the parade ground, as well as many spectators in carriages and on horse-back.

It was quite half an hour before the time fixed for the start for Hurlingham that Mr. J. L. Phipps, the Master of the Savernake Stagbonds, driving a fine team of four blacks, took up his position. He was followed some ten minutes later by Colonel Wyatt Turnor with a good team of bays, and he, in turn, was succeeded by Lord Wandsworth and Lord Newlands, with combination teams of browns and bays. Of the newly-elected members, Mr. Elliott Pyle made his first appearance with a fine team of browns, as did Mr. C. Van Raalte, whose splendid team excited considerable admiration.

In all there were some twenty-eight members assembled at one o'clock, when Sir John Thursby, the veteran vice-president of the club, made



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AN EARLY ARRIVAL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

a start, followed by Mr. Hargreaves, Baron Deichmann, Sir David Solomons, and Mr. Albert Brassey. No fault can be found with the manner in which the leaders went away, but the remainder, on account of the crush of traffic, followed in very disconnected order, some close together, others with gaps of 150yds. to 200yds. separating them.

The majority of the coaches returned to the park, whilst the remainder proceeded to Hurlingham to take part in the driving competitions arranged by the management.

Of the five competitors driving into the ring for prizes for the best turned out coaches, Baron Deichmann with his browns was awarded first prize, whilst Colonel Turnor with his bays had to be contented with second. For the competition to test the coachman's skill in driving, Major Shuttleworth was easily victorious, as was Mr. Wallis in the open driving contest with a team and coach provided by the executive. Lord Valentia, Lord Ancaster, and Mr. Adrian Hope officiated as judges, and their awards elicited general approval.

At the conclusion of the competitions the prizes were presented to the winners by the Earl of Ancaster. The second and final meet of the Coaching Club is to be held on the Horse Guards' Parade on Saturday, June 25th. It is to be hoped that the clerk of the weather will be a little more considerate on that occasion than he was last week.



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Copyright IN LINE FOR THE DRIVE OFF. "COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright MR. ARTHUR FOSTER'S COACH. "C.L."

POLO NOTES.

THE London polo season was opened on the 1st of the present month. Since then there has hardly been a fine day, and when it has been dry overhead the match grounds at Hurlingham and Ranelagh have usually been unfit to play on from the effects of the previous rains. The result has been that matches have had to be postponed and abandoned wholesale, and that there has been very little polo worth writing about this season up to now.

There was one good match brought off at Hurlingham last week, the only one of any importance we have seen yet. This was between a Hurlingham team, made up of Messrs. Freake, Rawlinson, Buckmaster, and John Watson, and the Blues, represented by their old quartette, Messrs. Marjoribanks, R. Ward, C. E. Rose, and Captain Fitzgerald. Mr. Rawlinson, who is one of the best forwards in England, has not yet sufficiently recovered from the injury to his hand to be able to use a stick. He therefore took the place of No. 1, and his energies throughout the match were confined to performing the functions of a riding-off machine. Buckmaster was in fine form, especially when riding those terribly speedy ponies Bendigo and Cyclone, and he was responsible for three of the four goals scored by the club team. Freake, who has a useful pony in Sheela, was also conspicuous throughout the play, and his cleverness in placing the ball on several critical occasions was much admired. The Blues, for whom Rose scored their one point during the third period, played very good polo, and at one time looked like having the best of things. They are a heavy, hard-riding team, who are well together, play a real good game, and are beautifully mounted. They will take a lot of beating for this year's Regimental

Tournament. Among the best ponies they played in this match were Myal, Lightfoot, The Nurse, Nimble, Sprightly, Surprise, Yellow-man, Ballet Girl, and Barnmaid. Weather permitting, there will be a gate-money match at Hurlingham on Whit-Monday, May 30th, for the benefit of the local charities.

There were to have been several good matches at Ranelagh, and it would have been an important week at the Barn Elms rendezvous had not the clerk of the weather intervened so unpropitiously. As it was, two interesting matches were brought off. In the first of these, a Buenos Ayres team, consisting of Messrs. Balfour, Kinchant, White, and Major Porteous, defeated the club, represented by Messrs. Lambton, Bentley, Selwyn, and Lord Lovat, by eight goals to four. Mr. Cookson, Captains Clowes and Milner, and Mr. Schriber then rode on to the ground to do battle for the 1st Life Guards against the home club, represented by Lord Kensington, Messrs. B. Wilson, W. Jones, and Lord Shrewsbury. This match ended

in the victory of the soldiers by six goals to five, and the 1st Regiment of Household Cavalry look like having a very fair team this year.

There will be a very interesting match on Saturday, the 28th, between the 10th and 15th Hussars, unless the weather again proves a spoilsport, and on Monday, the 30th (Whit-Monday), the tournament for the Subalterns' Cup will enter on its first stage.

Racing Notes.

THE week before the Epsom Summer Meeting is seldom a very strong one, and although last week there was racing at York and Doncaster in the North, and at Bath and Salisbury in the South, nothing very important took place at any of these meetings. I know of no pleasanter place for an afternoon's sport than the Knavesmire at York, and I noticed several improvements in the stands, etc., since I was last there. The much-improved Jaquemart was naturally made favourite for the Great Northern Handicap, and although he just failed to give 27lb. to King Crow, he had Bavelaw Castle, Harvest Money, and three others behind him, and it was a smart performance on his part, considering the ogt. he was carrying. Sardis is another horse that showed some good form when he beat Clipstone, Minstrel, Lord Hervey, Gay Lothair, and four others in the Doncaster Spring Handicap Plate on Thursday, and he too will be worth following this season. Mr. Vyner won another race at the meeting, the Fitzwilliam Stakes, with Mintstalk, by Minting, and this real good son of Lord Lyon looks like taking his proper place among the sires of the season at last.

The Bath and Somerset County Meeting used to be of considerable importance once, but those days are long past now. The old-established Somersetshire Stakes on this occasion, which brought out eleven runners, was won by St. Lucia, a good-looking daughter of the once speedy St. Angelo and Little Emily. Lord Rosebery won the Weston Stakes with a son of Adieu named Adonais, and on Friday he also took the Salisbury Cup with Fructidor, a three year old by Oriflamb—Nespala, who beat Morland and the Somersetshire Stakes winner St. Lucia.

As these lines will not appear in print until after the great race of the year has been lost and won, it is useless for me to express any further opinion as to the merits of the different candidates. I can only hope that in the matter of weather the gods will be propitious, and that the great annual festival of the English people will be as successful as usual, both from the point of view of the sportsman and of the vast majority who only go to one race-meeting in the year, more for a day's outing on the famous Epsom Downs than for the actual racing. For the Oaks, which will be run on Friday, it seems unnecessary to look beyond Sir Blundell Maple's very reliable and improving filly Nun Nicer, and Lowood will, I think, get a place.



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EN ROUTE FOR HURLINGHAM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE LAST COACH TO LEAVE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

THOUGHTS ON BREEDING.

THE principal recent winners may be said to have been the three year old Cyllene, undoubtedly the best of his age; Batt, of whom great things were once expected; and Black Wing and Knickerbocker. The first of these is by Bonavista out of Arcadia. Bonavista is by Bend Or (Birdcatcher) out of Vista,

a remarkably successful brood mare by Macaroni out of Verdure, by King Tom, her dam May Bloom, by Newminster. This represents the cross of Birdcatcher on Sweetmeat, with a strain of Newminster to further nick with Birdcatcher, and two crosses of Pocahontas through Stockwell and King Tom. Arcadia's sire, Isonomy, is of course strongly inbred to Birdcatcher through Oxford and Stockwell, so would be sure to suit a Birdcatcher descended horse like Bonavista, whilst her dam, Distant Shore, is inbred to Touchstone. This pedigree then is principally inbred to Birdcatcher and Touchstone, with a good cross of Sweetmeat. Bred like this, Cyllene ought to be a good horse.

The principal feature of Batt's pedigree is its inbreeding to Voltaire and Birdcatcher. His sire, Sheen, is by Hampton (Touchstone on Birdcatcher)



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out of Radiancy (Voltaire on Birdcatcher), whilst his dam, Vampire, is by Galopin (Voltaire, twice, on Birdcatcher) out of Irony (Voltaire on Birdcatcher). Results have proved that Blacklock blood nicks well with Birdcatcher, and here we find this cross three times repeated through its best channels, Voltaire and Stockwell.

There is no sire who gets more winners than Gallinule, and this in spite of his dam, Moorhen, having had the character of being soft. Still she is a very stoutly-bred mare on the side of her dam, who was by Skirmisher (son of Voltigeur) out of Vertumna, by Stockwell, and thus gets the invaluable Voltaire and Stockwell cross. Gallinule is by Isonomy, who was closely inbred to Birdcatcher, and was the stoutest horse of this century; so that, looking at his three strains of Birdcatcher, one or two of Touchstone, and one of Blacklock, it is hardly to be wondered at that he has been such a conspicuous success at the stud. His son, Black Wing, gets another cross of Touchstone and Birdcatcher through his dam, Black Witch, who was by Xenophon (by Canary, grandson of Touchstone) out of a daughter of Birdcatcher, whilst her dam, The White Witch, goes back in the female line to King Tom and Jeu d'Esprit, by Flatcatcher.

I have an idea that Knickerbocker is going to make a good horse, not only because he won his recent race like a race-horse, and looks like making plenty of improvement, but also because he is a very stoutly-bred colt. It is impossible in these days to get away from the blood of Birdcatcher, and the son of Dobbins and Flirt III. is full of it through Leamington, son of Faugh-a-Ballagh, own brother to Birdcatcher, Princess of Wales, daughter of Stockwell, and Milliner, daughter of Rataplan and Manganese. He also gets four strains of Touchstone, through Hermit (two), Marsyas, and Adventurer. Knickerbocker's breeding may therefore be summed up very simply as Birdcatcher on Touchstone—a cross which has seldom failed to produce great results.



It should also be noticed that the beautifully-bred Martagon, by Bend Or out of Tiger Lily, and therefore strongly inbred to Birdcatcher, looks like having a great time this year, and was recently represented by a good winner in Musa.

OUTPOST.

THE FIRST DERBY.

ROME was not built in a day, and, like the ancient city by the banks of the Tiber, the great equine contest decided this week at Epsom had its rise from very small beginnings. Little did its founders dream it would ever develop into its present importance, or that the result of a Derby would be awaited with intense interest by all English-speaking people the wide world over. But time and evolution work wonders, and the acorn of to-day is, in this miracle-working century of ours, the oak of to-morrow. It may therefore prove interesting to furnish from the best authorities an account of the first Derby, so that the race in its infant stage may be compared with the growth of the adult, and the little interest taken in it in its early days contrasted with its present extraordinary popularity and prestige.

Epsom, or Eppsam (as originally written), was a quiet country village unknown to fame until the year 1618. It then emerged from its previous obscurity in consequence of the discovery of a mineral spring, the waters of which were charged with the saline matter so well known in its combination with senna to most of us in the days of our youth. Soon the fame of the virtues of the medicinal spring discovered on Banstead Downs was noised abroad, and it became the fashion during the latter half of the seventeenth century for the *élite* of London to spend a week or two in taking the waters and enjoying the invigorating air of the spacious and sunny Downs. After a while the little village grew apace, and the speculative builders of the day quickly changed the hovels of the hamlet into suitable habitations for the gallant cavaliers and dames who flocked thither, while avenues of trees were planted to afford a pleasant shade as they wended their way in gay and festive pilgrimage to "Wickers Well."

Drinking d'sagreeable saline waters is, however, but dull work, and to amuse all these fashionable and idle folk, horse-racing, foot-racing, cock-fighting, and other sports were carried out on the Downs; and from being at first somewhat impromptu and haphazard affairs they gradually developed into fixed annual meetings.

Racing on the Downs thus became a fashionable pastime of the period, gradually assuming larger proportions as the years went by, until about the year 1730, when regular annual meetings took place and grew in popularity; but it was not until fifty years later that the race for the "Blue Ribbon of the Turf" was founded. It was named after Edward Smith Stanley, twelfth Earl of Derby, who was born in the year 1752 and died, at the ripe age of eighty-two, in 1834. The Earl was a lover of sport and raced with success for a period of sixty years. It was in 1779 he founded the "Ladies' Race," the Oaks, which was named



after his seat in Surrey, and for this event he supplied the first winner in his mare, Bridget, winning it also a second time with Hermione in 1794.

The first Derby was run for on Thursday, May 4th, 1780. Messrs. Weatherby state that when the race was instituted it did not close till the horses were two years old, and it was made "to be continued the following year," which probably meant that the subscribers pledged themselves to enter again. There were thirty-six subscribers to the first race, and nine horses of those entered came to the post. The following is a complete list of the lot that faced the starter, with the conditions of the original contest:—

THE DERBY STAKES of 50 guineas each, half forfeit, for three year olds; colts, 8st.; fillies, 7st. 11lb. (the last mile of the course).

Sir Charles Bunbury's ch. c. Diomed, by Florizel out of Sister to Juno	1
Major O'Kelly's b. c. Boudrow, brother to Vertumnus, by Eclipse	2
Mr. Walker's c. Spitfire, by Eclipse out of Houghton's dam	3
Sir F. Evelyn's b. c. Wotton, by Vauxhall Snap out of Miranda	0
Mr. Pantom's c. by Herod, dam by Blank	0
The Duke of Cumberland's c. by Eclipse, dam by Spectator	0
Mr. Sulsh's b. c. by Cardinal Puff out of Eloisa	0
Mr. Delme's gr. c. by Gimcrack out of Haras	0
The Duke of Bolton's Bay Bolton, by Matchem out of Brown Regulus	0

The value of the stakes was 1,015 guineas. The winning jockey was S. Arnall, who also rode the victors in 1782, 1787, and 1798. Strange to say, there is no authentic record extant of how the race was run, or by how far it was won. A solitary newspaper of the period mentioned the event, and another journal chronicled the breakdown of a one-horse chaise on the road home from Epsom. One further item is worthy of record. The programme of the day's sport had to be strengthened by a grand cock-fight, between the gentlemen of Middlesex and Surrey and the gentlemen of Wiltshire.

The first winner of the Derby was a well-bred horse, for among his ancestors, on the dam's side, were Flying Childers, the Paget Turk, and the Leedes Arabian. Diomed won many races subsequently for Sir Charles Bunbury, but he fell lame afterwards and was sent to the stud. In 1798, as he was getting on in years, he was sold for 50 guineas to go to America, where he was resold for 1,000 guineas, but shortly after changing hands he died. The above scanty particulars are all that can be gleaned about the first Derby.

The Derby course has undergone considerable changes. In the original mile and a-half course the runners during the first half-mile were out of sight of the occupants of the stands, the start taking place on the other side of Sherwood's cottage. In 1848 (Surplice's year) the late Mr. Dorling formed what was called the "New Course," and it was then altered to this side of Sherwood's, the horses entering the old course near the mile post, which track continued to be used until the formation of the present "High Level Course."

The Derby, although it ranks now as the greatest of our so-called "classic races," has to yield precedence in point of time both to the St. Leger and the Oaks, the Doncaster race having been first run for in 1776, while the "Ladies' Race" dates from 1779.

BLUE GOWN.



I HAVE been pleased to see the attention which has lately been paid to falconry in *COUNTRY LIFE*, and think that everyone who is keen on the sport that was second to none in the "good old times" should, if possible, contribute his mite towards the upholding of such a time-honoured field sport.

The accompanying photographs may, I think, interest some readers of this paper.

The first is a very lifelike picture of Hester, a peregrine falcon (the female) of the dark variety. She proved herself to be an excellent rook hawk, but unfortunately last May, at the end of a most successful season, met with her death at Babarham Hall, near Cambridge, where she had strayed after a long stern chase down wind, being shot, in spite of the fact that it was well known that she was a trained falcon, and a great favourite. The photograph was taken while she was "weathering" on her block before a day's outing.

The second is a female goshawk, Shâyâ. This hawk is one of the best, being most tractable and not given to the "sulks," a habit which may often cause much unnecessary delay and ruin all chance of sport for the day. In Devonshire last season the bag made by her just exceeded 200 rabbits. This season, although not so large, it has been varied, including as it does hares, rabbits, rats, water-hens, and blackbirds. On reference to my note-book I see that on the 30th of October I had a most enjoyable day's sport with her. I well remember it was one of those days when everything is propitious—no wind (which is fatal to the pursuit of falconry), bright, and although there is a touch of frost in the air, there are no signs of winter by the time we start. The gos is in perfect "yarak," that is to say, is keen and sharp-set, ready for the first living thing that moves, whether it be fur or feather. At 11.15 my old rat-catcher, John Bright, with the well-known box of ferrets, and old Fly, his Irish terrier, turns up ready for action, and after a few minutes' delay, during which time lures are seen to, glove put on, and the gos



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HESTER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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SHÂYÂ.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

taken up, we make a start, and after half an hour's tramp arrive at the scene of action, which is a large open tract of country, very rough in places, intersected by a few dykes, and in fact just the place for a good flight. The leash and swivel being removed, we start down a wet ditch, Rose, my little spaniel, working every tuft of grass and clump of rushes as only a spaniel can. It is soon evident that there is something on the move, and before one has time to realise what has happened the gos is off after a water-hen that has risen some 30yds. away, and just as she is nearing a large bed of rushes she "binds" to the unfortunate one and sweeps through an opening into the meadow beyond; and by the time we come up there is a patch of dark feathers all round her and she is breaking into the first quarry of the day. After a mouthful or two the gos is taken up and we proceed. A little further on another water-hen is brought to bag. We now turn our attention to some tufts of grass, and are soon rewarded by an old jack hare getting up at our feet. Away goes the gos, and overtaking him tries to bind, but he is too good for her, although he leaves some fleck on the grass, which causes him to make his way, as only a hare can, towards a thick thorn hedge; but the gos is above him now and must take him; but no, with a wrench he has escaped the grip of that terrible foot, and is safe in covert, with only a sore shoulder. The gos shoots up and takes stand in a small ash, looking as though she wished the hedge anywhere but in its present position. Knowing full well that our hare will have sneaked off, we turn our attention to the gos. A lure of meat is offered in vain, and not until a stuffed rabbit's skin garnished with a small piece of meat is thrown out will she condescend to take notice, and is soon sitting on the glove, her good temper quite restored, and ready for another flight. We now make our way to a bank running behind some farm buildings, which seems a likely place for rats to lie in. We are not kept waiting long, the terrier soon making a stand at a well-worked hole with a bolt in the open. The ferrets are turned in, and almost at once two rats bolt. One is instantly taken by the gos, and the other falls victim to Fly, the terrier. After the usual blooding the gos is taken up, and we move on to the next stand, which is not in a very good place; nevertheless,



Copyright: MP. J. L. NEWMAN AND GOSHAWK. "C.L."

in go the ferrets, and a half-grown rat is brought to bag, the gos shooting through a gap in the hedge and binding just as the rat is reaching some loose straw. After another kill and two unsuccessful attempts on the part of the gos, we are on the point of ending the day, when suddenly a rat is seen making across the corner of the field to a small beanstack; but he is too late, for just as he is reaching port he is overtaken and rolled over, thus making our bag four rats and two water-hens. We then wend our way home, and after feeding up the gos and putting her on the "bow-perch" we partake of a goodly meal and go through the day again before the fire with the aid of the quiet pipe. It may be of some interest to say that this gos is down to moult, and has already cast three pairs of "flights" in each wing, and with plenty of freshly-killed rabbits, rats, pigeons, etc., will be moulted fully by the beginning of September.

J. L. NEWMAN.

A BOOK OF THE DAY.

WHENEVER Miss Mérie Muriel Dowie, who is really the clever wife of that accomplished publicist Mr. Henry Norman, writes a book, the wise man lays hands on the volume as speedily as opportunity offers. She has always got something to say, and though one may not always like some of her tricks in the manner of saying it, though one may detect here and there a crude Americanism and, on occasion, a certain ignorance of well-known social facts, she may always be relied upon to give one something interesting to think about. Her latest work, "The Crook of the Bough" (Methuen), is no exception to the rule that she always shows power. It is a book which forces itself upon the reader in spite of himself. At the outset there is too much talk of womanhood in the abstract following upon a proposal so wholly impossible and improbable that it most likely occurred in real life. There are too many moralising reflections. One begins to suffer from a suspicion of tedium; one has too much general description of the kind of woman that Islay Netherdale is, too much detail concerning the excellent woman who trained her mind, too little humanity altogether. A judiciously truculent editor would have made short work of the opening pages with a broad blue pencil, and would have made the author begin where the action begins, that is to say at Chapter VI. and at page 38. But, after all, the first five chapters (though they do attempt to support the heresy that ladies do not gossip together before going to bed) are no great burden, for very few words are required to fill a page of a modish novel, and thirty-seven pages do not amount to much more than a serious article in a newspaper on some entrancing subject, such as the Sugar Bounties, or the Triplice; and Miss Mérie Muriel Dowie is more tolerable than any of those things.

She begins to move when she gets her characters into that atmosphere of Central and Eastern Europe which she is exceeding clever to portray. Those *dramatis personæ* are not a complete and human society. We have a heroine, and on the working out of her character on quite new lines the whole interest of the story depends. We have a hero, an enlightened, chivalrous, and pure-bred

Turk, and he is a fine character. The rest count for nothing. George Netherdale is simply a common-place carpet-bag politician, who happens to be labelled Tory-Democrat. Why Tory-Democrat heaven only knows. It would have served equally well to entitle him insular common-sense; indeed, he seems to be not merely insular but provincial, not merely provincial but parochial. However, there are plenty of men like him, and the good carpet-bagger really occurs, as the naturalists have it, far more frequently than our author imagines. I could name scores of the like, quite amiable, quite well-educated, and quite crass; but I fear the Clock Tower. Nor can the gay, elegant, beautifully-dressed Countess, Madame d'Avril, be reckoned as a living person. She is there; she is described in almost tiresome particularity of detail; we are told that she charms and fascinates; but in plain truth she does not live, and the reader accepts the statement in all courtesy, without caring a straw about Madame d'Avril from beginning to end. As for Londres and Batten, they are mere supernumeraries, the latter a crude caricature of the young and unformed attaché of the Foreign Office. There are faults of phrase, too. The author may know what she means when she writes that a man "finished his cigar by tigering on the platform" at a railway station, but English readers will be at a loss whether the phrase be reminiscent of the United States or of the Zoological Gardens, in which case "polar-bearing" were an expression far more apt.

None the less this is a very remarkable book, for, when you get to the essence of it, it is the story of the metamorphosis, passing strange and passing natural, of a woman's heart and mind and character. Islay Netherdale is the woman. We see her in England first. She is earnest, a trifle blue, devoted to assisting her Parliamentary brother, a type-writing woman, as well educated as she is ill-dressed, quite unconscious that she is beautiful, and painfully heart-whole. When we meet her in Vienna she is presented in a sentence. "A dust-coloured coat and skirt, with a shirt of dust-coloured silk and 'a hat to match'—that delusive attempt to achieve elegance by mere mechanical sequence—and brown walking shoes upon her feet." Where else she could have worn them does not appear; but the point which is apparent is the pungent cleverness with which a woman, who properly thinks it part of the whole duty of her sex to dress pleasingly, describes the "familiar ineptitudes of an English travelling costume." We have some pleasant scenes which bring the atmosphere of the Peasant State vividly before us, and some fine excursions on the millinery of the Countess d'Avril and her precautions in the way of manicure; but it is not really a desire to emulate the Countess which begins to sap the stern simplicity of Islay Netherdale's views in the matter of the feminine duty of being beautiful. The impulse comes from association with Colonel Hassan Achmet Bey, an educated Turk, blue-eyed, stalwart, and fair, who takes her heart captive. We must not follow the growth of the mutual passion in all its details. Suffice it to say that it is exquisitely told, and that the Eastern environments in which Islay finds herself from time to time are described with great power. For example, Islay and her brother go by *kaik* to visit Hassan's household. "He helped her out, collected the flowers, and put them loosely in her hands, and she strolled, rather dreamily, up a path of marble flags which intersected the *pelouse*, to which the dovecote formed a centre. Around her arbutus trees, laden with their bright strawberries, kept a mighty gloom within their shadow courts. A body-guard of cypresses, covered with their bloom-blue cones, watched a further path that led to a little pond, in which big pink lilies opened. Roses—the wild, rambling pink rose of the East, and its redder Persian sister—tangled and blazed and poured bloom, in defiance of all rose-lore, on the ledges of balconies and stairways, and beside urn-like trophies, and the scent of the Japanese apple tree hung like a curtain across the path. They wound by green ways, beneath trees Islay could not recognise, to where a villa showed white and coloured in a further garden; where filaments of sunlight fell through the boughs, geraniums stood like shrubs, lemon verbenas five feet high, and purple heliotropes to the level of her shoulder. 'I don't believe this garden is real, or



L. W. Dick. IN THE JOYOUS SPRING-TIME.

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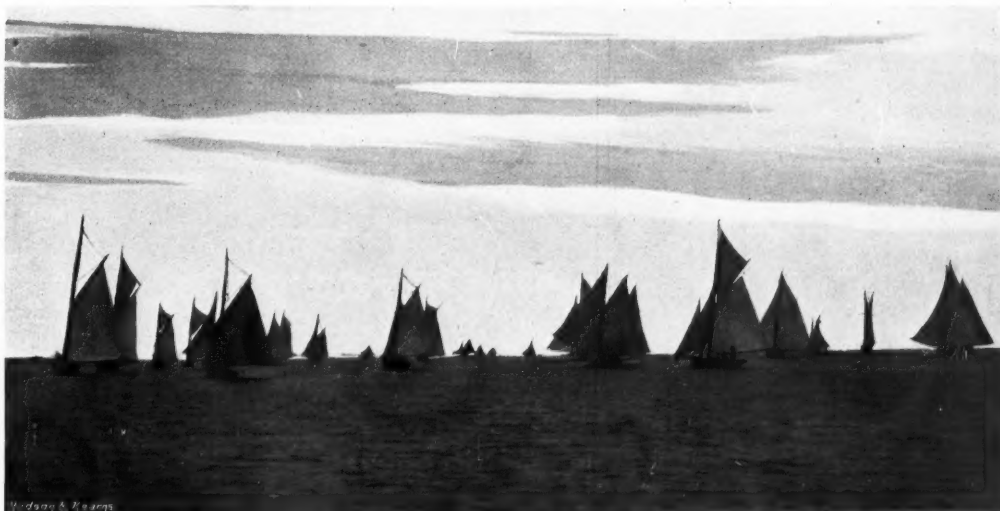
that—that you are real—or that we are any of us here at all," she said at length in a timid whisper to her host. He broke a branch of heliotrope and held it to her face. "Surely this description is the very climax of innocent voluptuousness. And then George Netherdale is got out of the way for a while, and Hassan has to escort Islay back to Constantinople under cover of the Eastern darkness. Soon she goes back to England."

Islay's fascination for Hassan, though she knew it not, lay in her simplicity and her purity and her independence of thought. "How triumphant this race of women England reared! how perfect the finish of them! so wholly had lies, impurities, prurient hesitations, and all the low engines of coquetry been displaced from their armoury that this one of them was proof against flowers, scents, moonlight, the lap of little waves, the nearness of strong arms and strong lips." Yet, as a matter of fact, a great change had come over Islay, for she had fallen honestly in love with Hassan, and with her growing passion had come the desire to be beautiful and to attract. In following the development of this desire in all its subtle indications our author displays, to my mind, the highest art, an art which is, of its kind, comparable to that of the master of vivid detail in "Au Bonheur des Dames." The particularity of the description of the change in Islay is charming; it is delightful to trace the decline and fall of the strong mind towards what is called feminine weakness. She begins to be attracted by the shop windows. First come the shoes. "Many of them were in brown

leather, of a very soft colour, and apparently of a better, a softer, more pliable texture than Islay had seen hitherto. It occurred to her that the people who wore them must have very pleasant foot-gear. And then, rather wistfully, she moved on." Next "a black hat with violets and soft green tulle" attracts her, and she buys. After a while we find her dreaming over a pair of Turkish slippers in her chamber, gazing critically at her "rep petticoat of an admirable quality, trying on openwork silk stockings with infinite deliberation and enjoyment." Once back in England, Islay, quite a new Islay, grows weaker still. She frequents all the artistic shops—by the way, Miss Mérie Muriel Dowie names tradesmen a little too freely—she refurnishes the flat, she buys new clothes, she is carried away by the delights of shopping, she relinquishes the type-writer because "it makes one's finger-tips so flat and square," she gives up her "fat fountain pen" for a turkey quill; and Hassan comes, and, on the whole, he feels that he has lost his ideal, and quite quickly he is summoned to the East, and all is over. The end, in a word, is disappointing; but that is really a matter of no moment, for the truth is that this study of the change in the character of a strong soul in a woman's body is a piece of work of supremely subtle art, and, it must be added, the dialogues are vivacious and very clever. It remains to congratulate the author upon an achievement of extraordinary power, upon a book which passes through the three stages of repelling, compelling, and utterly absorbing the attention.

SMALL YACHT CRUISING.

ALTHOUGH the origin of yachting dates back to the most remote periods, the sport has only come into marked prominence during comparatively recent times; in fact, thirty years ago there were under a thousand yachts afloat; now four times that number are owned in Great Britain alone. This extraordinary increase can in a great measure be attributed to the growing popularity of cruising and racing in yachts of only a few tons measurement; in fact, this form of pastime can be said to have quite characterised the last ten seasons, and has caused A FLEET OF SMALL CRAFT to spring up at every yachting centre. In the old days builders did not understand how to construct small yachts that would be capable sea boats and comfortable to live aboard; this checked in no small degree the spread of this form of yachting. Now everything is changed, and the smallest cruisers are, at the present time, fitted out in such a manner as to insure no little degree of comfort, if not luxury; while the voyages undertaken by these craft bear excellent and true testimony to the many good qualities possessed by them, for they must at times encounter heavy seas, as their cruises are by no means limited to mere coasting trips, but often extend to ports on the other side of the Channel. The popularity of small yacht cruising can be attributed to many causes, but perhaps the chief factor is the natural love of the Englishman for a roving life. An existence of this sort is, however, hard to obtain in these days of scientific refinement, for civilisation has made its influence felt on all sides, and the inevitable railway has

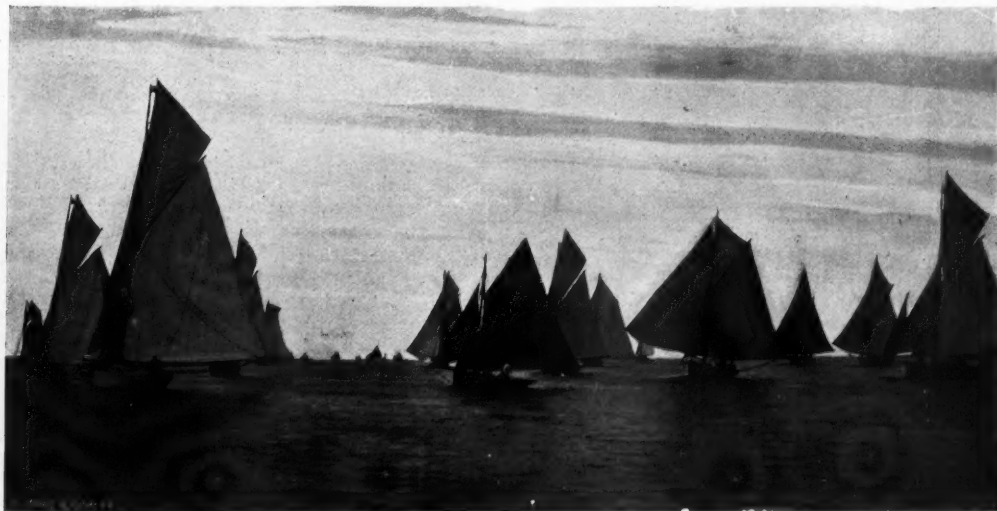


F. Ruffel.

A FLEET OF SMALL CRAFT.

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penetrated to nearly all parts of the world. Cruising steps in here, and undoubtedly offers a field, comparatively near home, for those who are possessed of a roaming disposition, for if one owns even a small yacht a vast cruising ground is open. There are, for example, the English Channel and the coasts of Great Britain, while, if one is prepared to go a little farther away, are there not the big waterways of Holland to be explored? The great advantage of this mode of travel is its absolute independence, as railways, hotels, and the like are never required, for one always has one's house with one; a home, moreover, that can be moved about from place to place, wherever fancy or expediency dictates. Far different is this kind of travelling from that done on railways, for the noise, bustle, and general unpleasantness of the latter are entirely done away with. The



F. Ruffel.

A LIGHT JACK-YARD-TOPSAIL BREEZE.

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tide table has to be consulted instead of the railway book; the former is much more lenient in the matter of time, and with a fair wind need hardly be considered. Cruises even in home waters will not lack in adventure, for, as we can testify personally, wind and water are uncertain elements, capable at one time of greatly assisting one, at another of causing a fierce conflict, when all the skill of the sailor has to be exercised. Adventures come thick and fast, some dangerous, others of a milder type, but all add a spice and zest to the humdrum existence of the nineteenth century. For the man who has to work hard with his brain for many months during the year there can be no pleasanter holiday than one spent on the ever-moving sea in a small yacht; in a big

vessel he could not get the same pleasure, for in the majority of cases he would not be able to take so prominent a share in the navigation and general management of the ship, and would probably be little better than a passenger on a liner. On a small yacht, on the other hand, he would soon learn the various duties of a sailor, and in consequence would take a greater and far more permanent interest in things nautical. Even when he returned once more to his labours, he would still retain in his mind the pleasures and delights of the days spent in his own little craft.

It may be as well here to define the expression "small yacht," for it must be admitted that it is a very far-reaching one. Many people would no doubt term any yacht under fifty tons a small one; but perhaps among yachtsmen in general a small yacht is usually understood to mean one between five and fifteen tons. I am, of course, alluding to cruising and not racing

item of expense is, undoubtedly, the wages that have to be paid to the crew. If an owner is not prepared to do any work himself, he must employ a competent man and a lad. The former will expect 35s. a week and his clothes; the latter, if of any experience, will not be satisfied under £1 a week and his clothes. If, on the other hand, the owner thoroughly understands the management of small craft, and is ready to take his share of the work, he may dispense with the boy, and obtain the services of an ordinary yacht hand, who will be content to come single-handed at 30s. per week and the inevitable clothes; these latter need not cost much, for the quantity given rests entirely with the owner.

The cost of keeping up a ten-tonner depends upon the state of the vessel when bought. If she were new she would not, in the ordinary course of things, require a big outlay for at least ten years; on the other hand, a yacht that has once been allowed to

get into bad repair will require a large sum expended on her to put matters right. When a yachtsman purchases a second-hand vessel, he almost invariably wishes to make several alterations to suit his own tastes, for in the fitting of yachts what will suit one man will often displease another. The new owner generally has some scheme whereby he imagines that he can greatly improve the accommodation below, or perhaps he wishes to change the rig of the vessel. If, however, a ten-tonner is purchased in good condition, an outlay of from £20 to £25 a year ought to be sufficient for keeping up the vessel for the first ten years, when a thorough overhaul might be wanted both of hull and also of gear. The cost of this in a great measure would depend upon how much the yacht had been used and the amount of care bestowed upon her. The other expenses, such as harbour dues, insurance, hire of store, etc., need not amount to any very great sum. To roughly reckon up the whole matter, the owner of a ten-tonner can, as far as his actual yachting expenses are concerned, see a great deal of fun out of a yearly expenditure of a little over £100.

It has always been a matter of surprise to us that a one-design class of cruising yachts of between ten and fifteen tons has not been started, for many vessels of this tonnage are built every year, and no doubt many of their owners would like to have opportunities of racing them. They are debarred from doing so, however, for during the course of a single season few races are arranged for cruisers of this tonnage, and they would stand but a poor

chance, especially in A LIGHT JACK-YARD-TOPSAIL BREEZE, when the water is only just rippled. Mixed and cruiser handicaps are, moreover, mostly unsatisfactory, as time allowances are difficult to proportion equally, except in the case of purely racing yachts. A class such as we suggest might well become a universal one, owing to the number of vessels that are built all over the kingdom of about the size mentioned. Then an owner could arrange his cruises so as to fit in with the regattas, and thus all the yachts of the class would at different times have a chance of competing against one another, which would give this sort of racing a strong stimulus. We would not have the yachts too closely restricted, except as regards hull, ballast, price, and the material used for the general construction. A representative meeting of owners interested in such a scheme would have to be called, at which these details could be arranged and a careful specification drawn up for the guidance of the several builders who might have orders to construct yachts for the class. Internal



F. Ruffel.

WITH EVERY STITCH OF CANVAS SET.

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yachts, for among the latter are many craft that, according to yacht measurement, would considerably exceed five tons, but yet could scarcely be correctly termed yachts, for they are merely open sailing boats with deep fin keels. It seems, however, the fashion at the present day to call every boat that carries a sail a yacht, irrespective of size or the accommodation contained. To combine a minimum of expenditure with a maximum of comfort a modern ten-tonner is hard to beat; in yachts below this tonnage one is very much cramped for room, and as many are fitted with no sleeping cabin aft (usually termed the ladies' cabin), one has to sleep in the saloon, which is unpleasant for many obvious reasons. Of course in a ten-tonner one cannot expect great luxury, yet one can live in fair comfort in a carefully-fitted boat of this size; for of late years yacht-outfitters have catered a great deal for craft of this sort, and many have been the inventions placed upon the market to add to the convenience and safety of the owners of this kind of yacht. The chief

fittings and sail plan (the latter limited only as regards size) should be left to the discretion of the owners, but a specified number of paid hands would alone be allowed. A handicap according to rig would be necessary, while in the course of years a time allowance would have to be given to the older boats.

Even the most prosaic among us, and the most ardent members of the cruising fraternity, cannot help looking with delight, not unmixed with envy, on some big racing cutter as she comes swooping by us WITH EVERY STITCH OF CANVAS SET, and we wish there were more opportunities of entering our own little cruisers in matches where they would be pitted against boats of their own calibre. With the establishment of such a class as briefly sketched, every facility would be given to clubs to offer prizes for the yachts belonging to them, as good entries would in all probability result; while cruising men belonging to the class would be able to meet one another on comparatively equal terms. If the proposal here made proved successful with yachts of the tonnage indicated, there is no reason why it should not spread to even larger vessels.

SEAMEW.



THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN BRAMBLE.

WE were reminded of the beauty of this lovely Bramble by a basketful shown at a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society, by Messrs. J. Veitch and Sons, The Royal Nurseries, Chelsea. It is the most beautiful species of the family, and like some white single Rose; its flowers are pure white, and about as large as those of the Briar of the hedgerow. The way to get its true beauty is to plant a small bed with it on the lawn, where its graceful spineless stems spread about freely, bent a little in late May and early June with their flower burden. This Bramble is happiest in rather warm gardens where the soil is light, but it is hardy as a rule, succeeding perfectly in the Royal Gardens, Kew. In very cold districts it is worth growing against a wall, although when thus placed one loses all its gracefulness. Strangely, notwithstanding its rare beauty, this Bramble is seldom seen either in gardens or exhibitions.

FRITILLARIA RECURVA.

In a family of dainty flowers none is more precious than this red-coloured Fritillary, which is like one of the smaller Lilies, and blooms about this season. The flowers vary in depth of colouring, and their richness is increased by the bright yellow colouring inside the segments, whilst several of them are carried upon each stem. These come from amongst narrow leaves, which form quite a tuft. As the bulb is a native of California it is, unfortunately, not very hardy, requiring a warm spot, such as is afforded by a south border skirting a wall, a place where the Mariposa Lilies (*Calochorti*) would be successful. During winter, especially if severe, cover the bulbs with litter or a handlight, but where there is a cold house for delicate bulbs and alpinists it would be advisable to grow this brilliant little Fritillary there.

THE GERMAN IRIS.

One of the most beautiful plants in bloom at this time is the German or Bearded Iris (*I. germanica*) and its varieties. A group of them form the subject of our illustration, and for boldness in form and colouring nothing is handsomer in late May and early June days. The range of colouring in these forms is as varied as in the Orchid itself. From the almost pure whiteness of *I. florentina* to the deep purple of *Kharput* a myriad of tints brighten this race—soft blue, copper, bronze, crimson-brown, yellow, and striking associations of colour, perhaps the lower segments deep orange against the velvety madder brown of the standards or upper petals. It is this rich and varied colouring that makes the German Irises hardy perennials of undoubted value in the garden, whether large or small. They are certainly easy to grow, and the trouble is to find a place in which they will not succeed. The writer lately noticed part of a railway bank deep purple in colour from masses of German Irises in full bloom. If the plants are happy in a hot dry spot, such as a south railway bank, they



H. W. Taunt.

A GROUP OF GERMAN IRISES.

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will thrive anywhere. It is, however, by shady woodland drives, in openings in shrubbery borders, and similar positions that the flowers retain their deep colouring, lasting longer than under a hot sun. Those who have hot dry banks should beautify them with the Flag Iris, choosing the ordinary blue, or forms closely allied to it, not the more delicate colours. Put a good layer of manure underneath the roots, but not in actual contact with them, as this is distasteful. The flowers of the Flag Iris are welcome for decorations, and a large jarful of one colour, or shades of it, will give pleasure at this time, cutting the flowers before they are fully expanded. When the flowering time is over transplant or divide the clumps, if this be desired. From long experience we have found that German Irises transplant better soon after flowering than at any other season, although, of course, it may be carried out in the early autumn, or in spring. There are many varieties. *Kharput*, a new kind, is handsome, its large flowers of rich purple colouring, and it blooms quite as early as the type. Very early in flower also are the delicately-scented *Florentine Iris*, *Crimson King*, and *Atropurpurea*, varieties conspicuous for rich colours. A small selection of the finest kinds would be *Princess of Wales*, also known as *Albicans*, pure white; *Victorine*, deep violet-purple falls and almost white standards, a striking contrast of colour; *Queen of May*, rose and lilac shades; *Mme. Chereau*, white, feathered with lavender, the variety sent in large quantities to the flower markets; *Aurea*, golden yellow; *Darius* and *Gracchus*, shades of yellow; *Cordelia*, rose, lilac, and a crimson tint; *Pallida dalmatica*, a glorious soft mauve flower, one of the most beautiful of all hardy plants; and *Bridesmaid*, white, veined with purple.

FAILURE OF PARROT TULIPS.

We wish some reader would tell us why Parrot Tulips are seldom satisfactory. It seems not to matter how fine the bulbs, or what care is bestowed upon them, a very small percentage of them ever deign to flower, then too often in a miserable way, as if loth to display their curiously gashed and quaint petals. This year complaints are more numerous than ever, but bulbs of all kinds seem to have disappointed this spring, Tulips in particular failing wholesale. This is due doubtless to a bad autumn for ripening and the wild winter. Many alpine flowers also are poor, due to the mild winter, when plant life was stimulated instead of rested. The Parrot Tulips please one with their remarkable form and exotic colouring, and should always be planted in a bed surfaced with *Hemaria*, or similar mossy perennial, to prevent soil from splashing up during heavy rains and spoiling the flowers.

THE BROOMS.

The hardy Brooms are a glorious group of shrubs, and the common British *Cytisus scoparius* is not the least valuable of the family. It is rather a graceful, free, and gay shrub, its bright yellow flowers gladdening at this time rough bank and heathland with colour. We lately saw a rough bank clothed with *Furze*, *Broom*, and *Heather*, a picture of rugged growth and rich colouring. The Broom may be easily raised from seed sown in spring, but its variety *Andreanus*, recognised by the crimson-brown colouring upon the lower petals, varies in depth, some seedlings richer and more effective than others. A very beautiful Broom in flower early in May is *C. præcox*. We were charmed a few days ago with the bold groups of it at Kew, one very large bed near the Palm House being filled with this shrub alone. A cloud of soft yellow colouring came from this shrub group, unlike anything else in flower at the same time. As charming is the white Spanish Broom (*C. albus*), a mass of white at the end of May, and as free and picturesque as the British kind. The purple-flowered *C. nigricans* is happy when it can spread its wiry shoots over the facings of rough stones. If the kinds we have mentioned were freely planted in gardens, not a scraggy bush here and there, there would be increased colouring in the late spring and early summer days.

THE GARLAND-FLOWER.

A group of this fragrant *Daphne* (*D. Cneorum*) was shown at a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society, or rather its larger form called *major*. It is not often one sees a finer mass of it, the leaves almost hidden by the clusters of rose-purple flowers, which appear in the early autumn as well. *D. Cneorum* grows less than a foot in height, and is a delightful little shrub for the rock garden, or to plant in peaty beds by the margin, where *Trilliums* and similar things are happy.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We gladly assist readers who require information on gardening matters.

BADGER-HUNTING.

SOME people, before they know very well what you are talking about, are apt to regard you rather askance when you begin to speak to them about badger-hunting. They are apt to associate it with a cruel sport, in which the imprisoned badger is made to stand the onset of many savage dogs. In their mental categories they class it with cock-fighting, and perhaps with a little bull-baiting thrown in. The fact is that these excellent people mix up the sport of badger-hunting with the cruelty of badger-baiting. The technical difference, in point of law, is that the latter is done in an inclosed space, and the former in the open, which, theoretically, is supposed to give the badger a chance for his life. But we have known an instance, wherein there was a question of testing some young dogs on their courage at facing a badger, in which the creature was tied by the leg. This, being done in the open field, did not come within peril of the legal penalties for baiting; but the poor wretch had no great chance, all the same, of bolting for his life.

The badger, however, is furnished by Nature with the most wonderful armour, both offensive and defensive, of any of our British creatures, and we may be very sure that on this exceptional occasion he did not suffer much from the onsets of the puppies, but, on the other hand, that he gave back to them a good deal more than he received. It is a wonderful thing to be able to say, but the writer can say it with truth, that in a pretty extensive experience of the hunting of the badger he has

never yet seen one, however he had been beset by dogs, with a hole in his skin; but his terrible jaws had dappled the skins of many a fox-terrier in the course of the fight.

In Germany it is said that there is a way of hunting the badger similar to the way of hunting the 'possum and the 'coon by the darkies of Virginia—that is to say, going forth at night into the woods, with dogs and lanterns, and hunting up the trail of any quarry that may be afoot until it is either taken in the open or run to ground—if a badger—or “treed” if one of the Virginian's beasts of ventry. That, however, is not the common mode of hunting the badger in this country, though we believe it is practised occasionally. The more usual plan is to go forth in daylight to the earth or bury which has before been marked down as the badger's home, then to introduce dogs into the earth, and to dig the badger out, as opportunity offers. Generally the meet is at the farm of somebody who has given information to the most inveterate badger-hunter of the neighbourhood that the badgers are there. The hunter will generally have a motley kennel of a few rascally-looking terriers—*minus* an eye or an ear (glorious scars) very likely. These he will have supplemented by the loan of an extra terrier or two from a friend. News will have gone abroad of the hunt, and as a rule the appointed day and hour will find some ten or twenty collected round the mouth of the badger's bury. There the dogs will be, too, some kept in their master's arms, some straining with might and main at a chain arduously held, or more probably hitched at one end to a tree. All dogs will be yapping vociferously, creating a fine semblance of pandemonium. Altogether there will be collected as fine an assemblage of canine and human rascality as you are likely to meet with in a long day's walk.

The fun will begin with some chaff at the expense of Farmer Jones, who has vouched for the presence of the badgers.

“Be 'ee sartain there be any badgers there at all then?” he will be asked, in a fine West County vernacular, for the Western Counties are very favourite haunts of the badger.

“'Ee's fai, I be,” Farmer Jones retorts with scorn.

“Be 'ee sure they wasn't foxes' paws as you aseed?”

“Put in the old Turk then,” says the farmer. “'Ee'll very soon let 'ee know.”

The old Turk, famous throughout all the badger-hunting country-side, is a saturnine-looking old terrier, whose aspect denotes a cross-breeding between fox-terrier and bull. One eye has a black patch, and it is his only eye, for an otter, in a holt

slight earthquake were in progress. Then there is a sound of worrying.

“What did I tell 'ee?” says Farmer Jones in a whisper of triumphant note.

The rumbling and the worrying go on, now with less and now with greater fury, in the galleries, moving from place to place. After ten minutes or so of this battle in the earth's bowels, out comes old Turk for a breathing spell—but how changed from the Turk that went in! Then he was a dog approximately white, panting for the fray, now he is panting harder than ever as a result of the fray, but all his whiteness is smothered in the red clay of Devon. Ruddier still, though, is a streak of blood running from the clean cut of the badger's tooth just above his eye.

“Take him up,” shouts the chief huntsman, as Turk shows a disposition to dive into the arena again. So Turk is taken up, given a pat, which he acknowledges gratefully, but with no servility, knowing it his due, by a wag of his stump tail, and is taken down to the water for a drink and wash of his wound. Instantly, however, to leave the poor badger no breathing space, another of the yelping dogs is slipped in, and the worrying and rumbling recommence.

So it goes on, the badger being plied with a succession of fresh canine assailants, until the sound of the wrangling remains for a while in one place. Then the conclusion is “They've a got the old badger up into a butt hole.”

This means that he can go no further, except over the body of the assailing dog; and now it is time for the picks and spades, and the diggers' work. The first point, to make assurance doubly sure that the badger shall not escape, is to dig across, if possible, the butt hole in which he is prisoned. Then, once that is struck, to dig up the line of that butt hole, right up to the white snout of the badger himself. The digging reveals the immense extent of his bury—gallery below gallery sometimes. At length we seem to be getting near the scene of battle.

“Be careful of the dog,” the chief hunter shouts, as the pick descends near where he should be. Now his white stern is seen. Unceremoniously he is plucked out by it, and handed out to be given rest and water. The canine part of the job is finished. It remains for the humans to do the rest.

The earth is shovelled aside, and the chief hunter lies prone and gazes into the cavity.

“I can see him,” he presently announces.

“Can 'ee reach un?”

“Only his nose,” he replies, as if that were scarcely good enough.

“Can 'ee get the tongs to un?” someone suggests, handing the great pincers with which some men will haul out a badger as a dentist extracts a tooth.

But our huntsman is a sportsman. He disdains the use of the tongs, except as a last resource. Only—the nose end of the badger is the “business end.” It is not by that organ that the human hand can tackle him.

“No, no,” he says. “Dig round a bit and I will try to get a chance to ‘tail’ him.”

The canine chorus is waxing ever more frenzied as the badger is evident almost to sight—very palpable to smell, not only of these gifted canine, but even of mere human nostrils. The diggers obediently work round. Presently the huntsman makes a dive with his hand, but it comes up empty.

“Put the handle of the pick to him,” he says.

A digger gives the badger a pick handle to play with, and he crunches it savagely. But that moment is the huntsman's opportunity. Quick as lightning he has seized the badger by the tail, lifts him out, and holds him—no light task—at arm's length, where his jaws are useless.

“The sack—quick—the sack!”

Willing hands bring it, holding the mouth open, and in another second the badger is plopped in head foremost, the mouth of the bag is tied up. He is bagged.

But “Look out, there may be another,” says the huntsman. Often it happens that there is more than the one badger in the one butt hole, and the writer has actually seen as many as four, though such a number is unusual, taken out of the same earth.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

THE BROCK OR BADGER.

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under a big willow tree, accounted for the other many years ago. For the rest, he is as white as a broken-haired white terrier ever is. He is the exceptionally quiet one of the canine party, wisely saving his wind, which he knows will soon be wanted. The hunter-in-chief is now ready, and assumes command. It is very essential that there should be one in supreme command in these matters. Too many leaders would throw all out of gear.

“Let go Turk, then,” he says quietly.

Turk is released, and goes down the black hole as if a gun had shot him there. Then all is expectation and quiet for a moment. Dogs are kicked, scolded, or stifled into silence. Men listen, with their ears to the earth, to hear the doings of Turk in the underground galleries. Presently, from these galleries, there begins to issue a rumbling, as if some

This is the moment, if there be more than one, that the second badger is very likely to seize for making a bolt for liberty; and once he is away in the woods not all the pursuit of dogs and men will ever catch him.

But the chances are that there is no other, or at least that he is in some other part of the big bury, whither, if all are not too fatigued, we may follow him. But it is exhausting work, both for diggers and dogs, and we have had our fun for the day and may well leave all other badgers to furnish some fun for another.

And now, when all is done, it may be asked what was the motive of it? Did that sacked halger do any harm in his free life? The answer is "yes," as Farmer Jones will tell us. He did harm, not so much by the occasional young pheasants and pheasants' eggs he may have gobbled up, for nothing com amiss to him, but chiefly he will have done harm from a playful habit he has of rolling, with his friends and relations, in the standing corn. It seems to be an instinct of pure playfulness, but its indulgence costs a good deal of corn to Farmer Jones, and wheat is high just now. It means a few shillings in the farmer's pocket that that playful badger should be rolling about there in the sack instead of in his wheat-field to-night and on many succeeding nights.

So there let him stay, without enquiring about his ultimate destination. Let us hope no one will bait him; and seeing that our huntsman is a real good sportsman, he will be careful that he falls into the hands of no one that is likely to treat him ill.



GROWING THE STEPHANOTIS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Would you kindly inform me of the proper treatment for Stephanotis floribunda; whether best grown in pot or planted in bed in greenhouse? Does it require much water and manure, and can it be grown from cuttings?—MADGE S. BOYD.

[The stephanotis is not at all difficult to grow, and will succeed in a peat or loamy soil, but we advise you to use loam only, as this fragrant flower does not require its roots disturbed very often. The best way would be to purchase a strong plant or plants, although you can strike cuttings readily from shoots of the previous season. A temperature of 60deg. will suffice, and about 5deg. more will be suitable when the plants are more established. Put a stick to each plant as soon as support is seen to be necessary. Pinch the shoots when about two feet long to promote more growth. In the summer a temperature of 70deg. by night and 80deg. by day will not be too much. No shade is necessary, as the foliage will suffice, but air is necessary, in the early autumn especially, to mature the wood. Every afternoon syringe the plant until the autumn, when ventilate more freely, and give less water at the root. During the winter a temperature of between 55deg. and 60deg. will suffice. The stephanotis always succeeds best trained under the roof of the house, and you cannot do better than make up a bed of about four feet square of good loam and thoroughly drained. You must be very careful not to permit insect pests to become established, because the stephanotis is very subject to insect attacks. Scale and mealy bug are the great offenders, and when infested the growths may be carefully taken down in the winter, and every leaf and joint thoroughly cleansed. A fumigation with the XL Fumigator would prove a sore trial to the insects. The finest stephanotis we have seen was grown as follows: It was in a span-roofed house, and trained about a foot from the glass. In November the practice is to take down the plant, prune it, and cleanse it, using no artificial heat from early summer until mid-September; 55deg. to 65deg. is the temperature maintained during the winter and spring. The plant is grown in a brick case four feet square by two feet deep, the soil consisting of equal parts loam and peat, with sharp silver sand added. During the growing season the plant is assisted with a little good artificial manure sprinkled upon the soil.—ED.]

GROWING GARDENIAS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be much obliged if you would give me a few hints upon growing gardenias. We have tried them for years, but can never get the buds to burst; they invariably, after remaining on for a long time, fall off.—X. Y. Z.

[It is difficult to give a reason for your gardenia buds failing to open, but probably it was due to a low temperature, which caused a check. You may also have kept the plants too wet through the winter, or not given sufficient moisture in the house when the buds were swelling. We give you a few outlines of culture. Gardenias may be propagated at almost any season of the year from cuttings made from half-ripened shoots, the best time for this being in the autumn. Insert the cuttings singly in three-inch pots, which must be filled with leaf soil and sharp silver sand. Give the pots also bottom heat. In the spring repot into five-inch size, letting the soil for this potting consist of equal parts loam and peat, or leaf soil with a dash of sharp silver sand. Mix all well together, and press firmly whilst potting, plunging again in bottom heat if possible. When ready, pot into seven-inch pots, mixing a little decayed manure with the soil, and in this size let the plants flower. Pinch the shoots from time to time to preserve a well-balanced head, syringe freely throughout the year, and water carefully always, especially when newly potted. Give a temperature of 65deg. to 70deg. at night, with a rise of 10deg. to 15deg. by day, and air as required. Close the house early. Summer temperature, 70deg. at night,

75deg. to 80deg. by day, closing early; and syringing to run the temperature up to 90deg. for a couple of hours. Reduce the temperature at the beginning of September to mature the wood. Night temperature during November and December, 55deg. to 60deg. With increased heat and moisture in the spring the buds will swell rapidly. When the pots are filled with roots, give manure water made from ordinary cow-dung and soot. After flowering, cut back the strongest shoots, and place the plants in ten-inch pots as soon as the gardenias break. Pot firmly and grow on, as in the case of young plants, shading them from bright sun during the summer. Young plants should always be at hand to replace the old ones.—ED.]

AN ODD NESTING-PLACE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Passer domesticus has built him a nest in a quaint spot in the equestrian statue of Lord Strathnairn, at Knightsbridge. The spot selected is the bronze tail of the horse. The nest itself is so far up as to be almost out of sight, but the straggling straws hanging out betray the secret.—HENRY LESLIE.

"ST. GEORGE FOR MERRIE ENGLAND."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On page 526 (April 30th) you say that "St. George's Day stands midway between the rain and the dry weather. 'Before Georgi dry, after Georgi wet; before Georgi wet, after Georgi dry.' It was dry before 'Georgi,' it was dry after 'Georgi.'" This is quite different to our experience in Cheshire, as we have had several showers, two good soaking rains, and to-day, Tuesday, May 10th, it has been raining all night, and is still doing so at eve, which, if it does not benefit anything else, will fetch up the asparagus in the old gardens, as it is very late this year. We have, in Cheshire, the finest promise for harvests I ever saw in my life. The apple and pear trees are a mass of bloom; the wheat is a foot high, and would hide a running hare; clovers and grass very promising, having their old tenant the corn-crake in them; potato lands are getting a thorough soaking that they will not look back from, I think, and the poor old farmer has at last a prospect of high prices and good crops all round.—Amen. You say about people wearing roses red and white. They should only wear a red rose on that day.—J. M. FLETCHER.

[We thank our correspondent for his hopeful letter. Speaking generally, we think that the drought continued in most parts of England for some time after St. George's Day. But there has been plenty of rain since, and we feel as if a little drought would be a welcome change now.—ED.]

THE ERADICATION OF CHARLOCK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I venture to ask you a question as to a paragraph in COUNTRY LIFE of May 7th. It refers (in your "Country Notes") to a discovery for the eradication of charlock. In the one case you say 5 per cent., the others 15 per cent. To what do these percentages stand?—C. D. HARROLD.

[Fifteen per cent. was tried originally; five per cent. was found to serve. The percentages stand, we believe, to water.—ED.]

A CORRECTION: PRINTER'S ERROR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Mr. Thomson desires me to say, will you kindly note that his address is 70A, Grosvenor Street, not 20A, as printed under your reproduction of his photograph of the Hon. Mrs. Gervase Beckett, in your issue of May 14th.—F. BRYAN, pro J. THOMSON.

THE UNDERGROUND MOLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—*"Rusticus Expectans"* will find a very good account of the River Mole in *"The Pilgrim's Way,"* a book written by a lady, and published in 1897. It is quite true the Mole does disappear and reappear some distance further on, from time immemorial.—CANTERBURY PILGRIM.

CAN FISH SMELL?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent's interesting account of the eel "nosing" up to a grouse bone and carrying it off, when found obviously by the sense of smell, can, I think, be corroborated, at all events in the case of the eel. Salmon wounded by the "leister," in the days when "burning the water" was a sport not confined to poachers, were at once followed by eels, which scented the blood and "ran" the fish by nose. They fastened on and ate the fish alive, sticking to it in masses "like faggots." Blind fish of some kinds have no difficulty in finding food, as they are often very fat. Though this is probably due partly to their feeding on microscopic insects, which are sucked in from the water round them, and need no eye to see them, they find food also by scent. In the Aquarium at the Amsterdam Zoo are a lot of blind cod. I have watched these both feeding on minute insects and also on bits of chopped-up fish. The latter they carefully "nosed" after. The appendages about their lips and mouths also seemed to be used as feelers.—C. J. C.



MONDAY: I am possessed by a desire to copy Sarah Bernhardt's tea-gown, its description is so alluring. An over dress of cream-coloured lace shows through its interstices kilted pink mousseline de soie, held below the waist by a scarf of mauve crêpe de chine, in the knot of which is fastened a bunch of violets, loose blossoms from this falling to the feet. It is a beautiful combination, pink and mauve, the only serious rival it has in my affections being mauve and turquoise blue. Given the right mauve and the right turquoise blue this is a feast to the eye. Yesterday I saw a lovely gown



POPULAR COIFFURE WITH SPANGLED LACE BUTTERFLY.

inspired by an artist, made of pale mauve cloth traced with mauve chenille, with a little yoke at the top of turquoise blue tucked velvet, the bodice pouching very slightly over the narrow belt of mauve, clasped with a turquoise stud, the hat being made of blue tulle set into a hundred tucks, with mauve feathers at one side. It was fit to take to Ascot or the Grand Prix or both, and was admirably completed with a mauve parasol with transparent insertions of black lace. Parasols show endless elaborations this year, indeed; so does everything else which we admit into the charmed circle of fashion. The latest idea for a parasol is the insertion of transparent lace embroidered with paillettes, the lining of chiffon to this being necessary to permit it to perform its useful as well as its decorative duty. Jewelled spikes and handles to parasols are quite *de rigueur*, and a pretty fancy is a white satin parasol with a huge rose at the top whence fall loose rose leaves down each rib with a careless grace. And writing of grace reminds me of that evening cloak sketched; made of black lace mounted over lisse, it is trimmed with white lace, and is quite representative of the most popular modes of the day, being exceedingly elaborate and most expensive. Inside the black lace at the hem where the white lace is put on is a ruching of white lisse, and it is a style suitable alike for the young or the old. Black lace is tremendously in favour, and all the folks who really *know*—happily their name is few, else were I like Othello—have discarded their jet gowns, given them to their maids may be, or to the confiding care of some buyer of old clothes, in favour of the dress of black Chantilly mounted over white lisse. The introduction of jet paillettes set on plain net as a flounce beneath the dress of Chantilly is new and charming. But I am very serious about clothes to-day. I feel I have been holding forth with the dogmatic self-sufficiency of a Canon at a meeting for the Promotion of Happy Evenings for the Poor, *vide* "The Medicine Man."

WEDNESDAY: How wilful women will exaggerate a fashion which is pretty until it becomes a caricature which is ridiculous. I was at the opera last night, and sat behind a woman who had no less than four distinct ornaments in her hair—a pair of wings, a tulle scarf, a diamond Spanish comb, and a bunch of flowers: it is deplorable. And she was a very well-dressed woman too. She had a lovely berthe of old lace round her shoulders and one of the new long diamond chains glittering to her waist. If she had only been content with a little scarf of tulle and a diamond ornament in her hair I should have admired her unreservedly, a privilege which she might not have appreciated as I do; but that is a mere detail, showing again her want of taste. A charming contrast to her was a woman in a box wearing a picturesque pink dress with a frilled fichu round her shoulders, a band of black velvet round her throat in the midst of innumerable rows of pearls, and her fair hair brought up into a bunch of curls on the top of her head and tied with a scarf of black silk, this suggesting the really old-fashioned turban style, and calling forth the inevitable exclamations "Romney" and "Mrs. Hamilton." Very attractive simple ornaments for the hair may be made of

jewelled wings, like the one that lady is wearing in my picture, suggestive of a butterfly in form. This in thick gauze studded with diamonds looks its best. And I would even permit that girl the privilege of a diamond comb at the back of her coils, but that is enough.

I am getting tired of the little flower-pot ornaments on the top of women's heads, a flat decoration of tulle with a single blossom in the puff. It was pretty enough when it first arrived, but it is getting too general. Alas! why is there no copyright in clothes?

THURSDAY: Essie is a lucky woman. She has gone down to stay at her country house, where she can come up to town every afternoon and wake amongst the beautiful green trees and flowers every morning. Besides these advantages she has the privilege of grumbling at being dragged away from town in May—this is surely an ideal existence for any woman! To be provided with perfect surroundings and yet have the opportunity of finding fault with them. She talks, too, of the hardships of attending races and the difficulties of obtaining as many clothes as she can wear, but she sends me a little description of her latest country hat, which has excited my best feelings of envy and admiration. It is a Panama of sailor shape with soft quills at one side and a bunch of shaded yellow velvet rosettes at the other. Yellow is much worn in Paris, but it is not nearly so becoming as the blue which we threaten to discard in its favour.

I went last night to the Comedy Theatre to see "Lord and Lady Algy," and admired intensely the consummate acting of Mr. Hawtrey. I should like to go again. Fannie Ward's cloak is worth a second visit, if the humours of Mr. Hawtrey as a fashionable and thirsty lord could ever pall, which I doubt. This cloak is of lavender blue cloth with a very high collar and a single rever faced with lisse and black velvet ribbons, a conventional pattern of the cloth decorating the shaped flounce which sweeps its graceful curve to the ground. Fannie Ward's lace dress too is charming, made of a pale yellow shade over white lisse. It is fastened with little strappings of black velvet and diamond buttons, and is a model frock for a fête or a garden party. Essie might copy it to comfort her for her enforced seclusion in rural circles—this is the way she designates her martyrdom whence she emerges regularly four days a week to enjoy the questionable superiority of London in the season.



EVENING CLOAK OF BROCADE AND LACE.